THE

LITERARY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REGISTER.

No. 9. JUNE, 1804. VOL. II.

FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

ON A TASTE FOR THE PICTURESQUE.

A GENTLEMAN, a friend of mine, who sometimes favours me with a visit, lately found me at a window that overlooks New-York Bay and its islands. This scene, just then, was extremely beautiful, and its beauties were heightened by a long-protracted echo, occasioned by the evening gun, fired from the ramparts of the fort on the island. My guest took his seat by my side, and began the talk by some reflections on the picturesque. He spoke somewhat to this effect:

"The pleasure which the beauties of nature afford, are of a very pure and exalted kind. There are few cultivated minds, which do not gaze upon a rural landscape, with a pleasure higher than most of those that may be called sensual, and many derive thence a delight bordering upon rapture; yet I have remarked that the terms by which the most ecstatic of these enthusiasts convey their notions of a scene, are strangely meagre, jejune, and vague. Persons, otherwise rich in words and combinations, have frequently but one or two trite and insignificant phrases to denote all the variety of kinds of scenery, and all the degrees of pleasure which the scenery produces.

"There are some people with whom every thing is *fine*, *very fine*, *very fine indeed*. Do they eye the still expanse of a lake, '*tis very fine*, they cry. Do they look upon the falls of the Mohawk or Pasaick, set off by the gloomy dignity of mists, or gilded by the farewell beam of a summer's sun, '*tis very fine* still. Do they gaze from some promontory of the Highlands, on the long-protracted and magnificent career of the Hudson, still they have but one dialect: Oh! how fine! exclaims

the soft enthusiast, *'tis very fine indeed!*

"A lady, with whom you and I are well acquainted, who has exquisite sympathies of this kind, and is not deficient in language on other subjects, can only convey her admiration by such exclamations as "Oh, it is a *sweet* evening, a *sweet* moonlight." Does she gaze upon the sun when his western throne is arrayed with reflected purple and gold, she is enchanted, and cries out when she has leisure, "Look at the sweet, *sweet clouds*, only look, Maria."

"She invites her friend to a romantic dwelling in the country, and talks much about a summer-house, perched upon the very verge of a precipice that overhangs a torrent, and is embowered by the intertwining leaves and flowers of the willow and catalpa. "Oh, Maria!" says she, "'tis a sweet place, I'll assure you. The trees about it are such *sweet* trees, and the rock it stands upon! never, Maria, never saw you so *sweet* a rock."

"Sometimes the admiring gazer sees nothing in the wide extent of nature but what is *pretty*. Such a one once confirmed a description of the wonders of Niagara, by an assenting nod, and a "Very pretty, indeed. The very prettiest cataract I ever saw in all my travels."

"With some people, every thing they see in the works of the grand designer, Nature, or of her human imitators, is *handsome*. "Othello is a very *handsome* composition; a very *handsome* piece of eloquence, that of Tully's speech for Ligarius." His neighbour *Whatman* gave a hundred pounds to a charity..... "'Twas a very *handsome* action, to be sure." The grandeurs of the Blue Ridge, and the solemn beauties of the Leheigh, are spoken of. "It must be owned," says he, "there are very *handsome* prospects upon that river."

"'Tis very seldom that we meet with one who occasionally diversifies his praise with all these flowers, and who distributes, with due judgment, his *handsome* skies, his *sweet* rocks, his *pretty* water-falls, and his *fine* lakes. In general, one of these terms serves all our purposes.

"This poverty and indistinctness of expression arises not from sluggish feelings, but from want of accurate conceptions. We discriminate too little between the peculiar character of different scenes. We are too seldom able to tell what it is that pleases us, or why it pleases. We distinguish not between the different emotions which scenes of different kinds produce. The gentlest impulses of pleasure are confounded with the most impetuous; and that black cloud which wreathes itself round a rugged pinnacle, and inspires us with solemn awe, is *pretty*, or *sweet*, or *fine*; just like the wide and undulating plain seen from a lofty summit, whose intermingling woods, and corn-fields, and orchards, sweetly, yet tranquilly, exhilerate the heart.

"The study of landscape, or, as some call it, *picturesque beauty*, not only furnishes distinctness, and thus multiplies and renders accurate our language, but it serves, at the same time, a much more useful purpose. It unspeakably augments and extends our pleasures. It invigorates, diversifies, and prolongs a gratification the nearest akin and most friendly to the ennobling and domestic virtues, of any that the senses possess. It ministers to health, by strengthening the inducements to wholesome exercise and rural excursions. There is a physical delight in inhaling a pure breeze; the music of the groves is more cheaply purchased, more intimately blended with the knowledge of animated nature, more indicative of meaning (the music of birds is their language) than the senseless squeakings of the pipe, and the unintelligible murmurs of the chord. The sense of smelling is no less gratified by the aromatic exhalations of which the vegetable tribes are so liberal. A hundred other benefits, indeed, might be mentioned as flowing from, or

connected with, the study of landscape; but enough has been said to establish its pre-eminence."

My companion pausing here, I said to him, "How is landscape to be studied?"

"Much may be done," answered he, "by solitary efforts to analize the scene before us, and nothing can be done without such efforts. It is likewise of great use to examine the works in this kind of celebrated painters; but that is an advantage scarcely to be hoped for by us who stay on this side of the ocean. Books are of the most use, but I know of but one writer any ways eminent for displaying the principles of landscape; I mean Mr. Gilpin, whose works ought to be perfectly familiar to every mind endowed with virtuous propensities and true taste.

"There is another set of writers who are, in some sense, to be regarded as commentators upon Gilpin; who have travelled and written books for little other purpose than to deduce the application of the principles of this kind of beauty, and to furnish out such a set of pictures, *in words*, as Verney, Claude, and Salvator, exhibited on canvas.

"Ann Radcliff is, without doubt, the most illustrious of the picturesque writers. Her "Travels on the Rhine and in Cumberland" is, in this view, an inestimable performance. In reading this work, the reader is surprised to find how much, in this respect, can be done by mere words, and is frequently affected in a way similar to the effect produced by the actual view. Her two last romances, "Udolpho," and "The Italian," are little else than a series of affecting pictures, connected by a pleasing narrative, and in which human characters and figures are introduced on the same principles that place them on the canvas, to give a moral energy and purpose to the scene. This is the great and lasting excellence of her works; and, to limit the attention, as is usually done, to her human figures, is no less absurd than to look at nothing in a sea-view but the features of the pilot, and to scrutinize, in a picture of Salvator, only the hooked nose of the sybil, the sorry steed of the bandit, or the uncouth forms of the imps that hovered round St. Anthony. Yet, Mrs. Radcliff's narrative is beautiful and interesting.

"To examine, with a picturesque-discerning and a cause-inquiring eye, every scene that really occurs; to ponder in like manner on the landscapes of painters and picturesque travellers, many of whom delineate and describe at the same time, seems to be the best mode of opening, in your breast, the source of high and beneficial pleasure; and I advise you to begin with all speed."

"Most willingly," said I, "and, luckily, I have in the house Gilpin's work on "Forest Scenery," and Beaumont's "Travels in the Rhetian Alps." To show my docility, I will set apart the whole of to-morrow to read these books. If Clara cannot be a painter herself, she will at least be, with regard to Nature's works, and the works of Nature's favourite disciples, a diligent

LOOKER-ON."

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON RELIGION, AS A BRANCH OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE influence of fashion enters into every human concern, and its various turns and changes have almost as sensible an effect on literature as on dress; on philosophy as on politics. Each change arises from the increase of wealth, or knowledge, or industry, or the love of novelty; and it were as easy to discover an adequate cause for a revolution in metaphysics, as in the shape of a new shoe-buckle. The hand of time is wont to conduct the improvements in every art and

every science to that point of simplicity, where a more perspicacious order of beings would probably have commenced their discoveries. At the close of the eighteenth century, the wheel of fashion has touched the point, at which philosophy, politics, and morality ought properly to have set out....education. To form the mind of youth, is to mould the disposition of a new generation; it is the reformation or the debasement of mankind for a certain period; it is the confirmation or the destruction of all that our ancestors have done of good, or wise, or virtuous. Education may be called the art of concentrating the spirit of philosophy, and of the acquisitions of our forefathers. It draws them to a focus, and fits them for present use.

Locke saw the necessity of attention to education, and reasoned upon it; Helvetius imagined, Rousseau felt, Condillac mistook theory for practice, and Edgeworth from practice deduces theory. Little is now wanting but perseverance in the arduous task, to effect all that can be desired, and to produce a virtuous and enlightened race.

In order to attain this end, however, one thing is necessary, which seems to have been slightly regarded by most of the writers upon this subject, to have been rejected as superfluous by others, and to have been purposely omitted altogether by the candid and ingenious author of *Practical Education*....I mean early attention to religion.

Miss Edgeworth has treated of all parts of education connected with the present life, in a manner that combines the research of the theorist with the corroborative testimony of the practitioner. But she has not sufficiently attended to the most important of all points, "our being's end and aim," the object of our existence. This is to acquire happiness, and to promote that of others; to avoid evil ourselves, and to prevent evil in others. Upon these points do the virtue and the prosperity of the world depend, individual and collective.

But general or speculative motives are not of themselves strong enough to balance the counter-impulse of the passions, which act individually and immediately. They require the assistance of religion..... of the prospects and sanctions of eternity. Is it not rational, then, to afford such support to the young and flexible mind, at a time when the passions are most violent, and most difficult to counteract by mere reason? Must we pass our lives without that support? or must each individual, in order to chuse his religion, involve himself in the abstruse questions of original sin and social order? Must he wade through the various systems of false or erroneous religions that have divided the world? It is impossible. Neither the time, nor the inclinations, nor the abilities, nor the necessary callings of men will admit of this: and, if it were practicable, half a life would probably be consumed in deciding upon their merit or demerit; and old age would have extinguished the passions, before the necessity of restraining them were determined. On the boundless ocean, without some guide, the directing helm were of little use: reason is indeed the rudder of our bark, but religion is the compass that points out the welcome shore.

These reflections were occasioned by a comparison between two recent works on education; rivals in utility as well as in literary merit. Hannah More teaches us to expect visible and tangible blessings and comforts from the Holy Spirit, if we fast and pray from the time of our birth; but while she inculcates methodism, she forgets christianity..... Perhaps she believes all that she writes; I hope she does. But too much violence on any subject changes an advocate into a partizan; and, therefore, that part of the *Strictures on Female Education* will be laughed at, laid aside, and forgotten by some, whilst it will

serve to prejudice many against the whole work.

Maria Edgeworth, on the other hand, omits the subject entirely.

Sincere in my attachment to religion, convinced of its truth, and of the importance of its being early impressed on the mind, I observe with equal concern the redundancy of the one, and the deficiency of the other.

Miss E. says, that she purposely avoids treating of religion, because every parent may and will teach it, according as the principles and judgment of each may direct, and "she wishes not to make proselytes."..... But why then discuss the art of teaching at all? Every parent may provide his child with toys according to his fancy; or may regulate the tasks of his young pupil, as his judgment shall direct; or may follow former maxims, and ascribe as much importance to superficial accomplishments in the tuition of the daughter, as her mother's schoolmistress would probably have done. But in these matters it is acknowledged that parents are liable to error, and that increased attention, and additional experience may provide useful rules for their direction. And yet in a matter of infinitely greater moment than any of these; in that which should serve as the polar star in the voyage through life, and which points to the haven of eternal rest; that where truth is but one, and, however our ignorance be prone to mistakes, there is no room for variety of fancies, for every deviation must be error, greater or less;.....there, it is left to the ignorance, or carelessness, or caprice of every parent, to guide, or not to guide, the mind of youth.

If religion can have any hold on the mind, it must be early instilled. If religion be of any use, it must be taught rationally. If religion be designed to restrain the passions, it must have its foundation fixed before the passions rise in an impetuous phalanx to resist its approach. We laugh at the absurd position, that a man should not make choice of a profession till the age of twenty-five: it is not less irrational to say that a man must be left in the dark with regard to religion, till he becomes old enough to chuse and decide for himself which he will embrace. It very rarely happens that men who have attained that period of manhood, unacquainted with religion, will then stoop voluntarily to impose on themselves its restraints; or will take the pains to investigate what their early habits must have led them to despise, and their present desires must urge them to reject.

But, it is said, religion should be founded on reason, not on prejudice. Most assuredly. The same caution is to be observed in teaching religion, as in explaining any science. Let not its proofs be taught, let not its doctrines be examined, till the child have reason to comprehend; but let it be laid open to young reason, and wait not till old reason fly to it, to read its own condemnation for a life of misconduct, and meet every incitement to reject its authority..... Let religion be a regimen for prevention, not a potion for an obstinate disease.

Yet I cannot consent to condemn as *prejudice*, a fashionable word of great latitude, that predisposition to regard the subject with reverence, and to acknowledge its importance, which can alone arise from the early care of the attentive parent, and which leaves a tinge upon the whole course and tenor of life. This it is which, in the untutored and the ill-disposed, grows into superstition and weakness; but which humanizes and invigorates the well-regulated mind, and produces constancy, heroism, and virtue.

I wish not to make proselytes either, though firmly convinced of the superiority of the religion that I profess; for a treatise on education is not a disquisition on religion, or on the comparative merit of sectaries. But I wish that every parent should be convinced of the necessity of early fixing in the mind a reve-

rence for religion in general. The outlines of all religions, and the foundation of all sects (I speak of christian sects), are the same; in teaching these, therefore, they all agree. And as every parent, I suppose, professes what he believes to be true, it is surely his duty to impress the truth on the mind of his child. He has thus done his part. Mature reason will afterwards judge for itself, with regard to particulars; but the general impression will ever be retained. All parents who have religion, will, I trust, make their children joint partners in the reasonable hopes that it offers; and will not leave it to the industry of each to search for the seed and sow it too: the harvest may ripen too late to be gathered in due season.

Nearly allied to a sense of religion, are the virtues of courage and chastity. Military ardour, the sympathy of numbers, is not always to be taken for courage. Civil courage is more necessary, and more difficult of acquisition. Why, then, should it not be taught? And what can serve, like the promises of religion, to inspire conscious rectitude with due confidence? It is in the confidence of conscious rectitude that real courage consists; a virtue as requisite to one sex as to the other. Men, it is allowed, ought not to be slaves of public opinion; in its stead this inward conviction of rectitude should be the standard of their actions. But, to public opinion, woman, it is supposed, should not dare to be indifferent. Why? Because the very scanty portion of education that is usually bestowed upon women, and their *consequent* unsteadiness of mind, leave them destitute of any fixed rule of conduct. But public opinion is a very variable and uncertain standard, particularly with regard to the female sex. Scarcely are virtue and vice more opposite, than the public sentiment respecting the conduct and manners of women in different countries, and at different periods. Let them then be furnished with a determinate invariable guide, and they will no longer need to be the wavering slaves of public opinion; nor will they be in danger of offending against it: no public takes offence at virtue.

Religion is this guide. Religion alone can provide such a steady and certain standard.

Prudence*, says this fair author, is a sufficient safeguard to chastity; that is, the dread of public censure. But prudence is of two kinds; there may be prudence to conceal, as well as prudence to avoid. By prudence a woman may indulge the sin, and escape the shame. With impudence she may brave the shame; and with talents, as too many examples prove, she may do it too successfully, but here public opinion is set aside, and no rule remains. The prudent sensualist, the female tartuffe, still regards the opinion of the world; and she wears a perpetual veil of falsehood, behind which she hides the deficiency of truth and virtue.

A profession, which admits me into the most secret recesses of female dissimulation, has given me opportunities of discovering what Miss E.'s innocence could not have imagined, and what would not have been suspected by a man devoted to literature and to his family, as her father appears to be. I have known *chaste patterns of virgin prudence*, whose persons have been for more than twenty years at the disposal of men endowed with ingenuity to obtain, and honour to conceal, the favour.

Chastity is a virtue of no common value to a state, and it should be guarded with no common care..... Early religious instruction will sow the seeds of virtue in the vigorous and ductile mind of youth. The plant that rises will be a much more effectual preservative against licentiousness, than any penal statute against adultery.

* See *Letters for Literary Ladies*, where the subject is elegantly discussed with regard to married women.

For the Literary Magazine.

SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN AND PRESENT STATE OF PHILADELPHIA.

The following account of our native city has already been printed, but has been limited to a very narrow circulation. It has been thought proper to re-publish it in this work, carefully corrected. It attempts the description of objects, and the relation of events, familiar to most of the inhabitants of this city, but, of course, little or not at all known to strangers and foreigners. To the latter it may not prove unacceptable, as it is the fullest account of Philadelphia that has hitherto been given to the world.

PHILADELPHIA is the capital of Pennsylvania, and the chief city of the United States, in point of size and splendour, though it now fills but the second rank in commercial importance; the trade of America having latterly flowed more freely into the open channels of the bay of New-York. It must also yield metropolitan precedence to the doubtful policy of a *seat of government, far removed from the chief resort of wealth and population*, the springs of national activity, which must long vibrate, perhaps for ever, between Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New-York; a chain of commercial cities, unparalleled in history, whose vigorous impulse is already accelerated by the bold ramification of turnpikes and canals.

Philadelphia is situated about 40 degrees north of the equator, and 75 west of London; being in the same parallel of latitude with Spain, Italy, and Greece; climates whose happy temperature had already indicated for Pennsylvania a milder winter, before the original frosts of November and December, by which the first adventurers were sometimes frozen up in the Delaware, had evidently yielded to the qualifying effects of exposing the surface of the earth to the rays of the sun.

Its founder, the benevolent and pacific William Penn, denominated it Philadelphia, or the city of brotherly love, from a town in ancient Greece, so named in honour of the fraternal attachment of Attalus and Eumenes, and afterwards famous in the christian world, for one of the seven churches to which St. John addressed his prophetic visions, so sublimely delivered in the book of Revelations. A name, methinks, of auspicious omen. "Behold," says the inspired apostle to the angel of the church in Philadelphia, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." Religious liberty is here a chartered right, the policy, as well as the equity, of which, to say nothing of its consistency with the spirit of that religion which breathes *peace on earth, and good will to men*, is happily confirmed in these latter ages of the church, by the harmony and fellowship in which the various professors of the modern Philadelphia so peculiarly fraternize.

Penn had been concerned in the settlement of New-Jersey, some years before he obtained from Charles II a grant of the territory on the western side of the Delaware. The Dutch and Swedes were then numerous at Upland (now Chester), at Newcastle, and at the Hœrkills (now Lewis Town), and a number of his brethren in religious profession had already established themselves at Shackamaxon (now Kensington, a suburb of Philadelphia), in the year 1678; when a ship, called the Shield, of Stockton, the first that had ever ventured to sail so high up the river, in tacking about, ran her bowsprit among the trees which lined the shore where the city now stands; and the new comers on board, bound for Burlington, then remarked to each other, that *it would be a fine place for a town.*

The royal grant passed the great seal on the 4th of March, 1681; and in August, the following year, the venerable legislator of Pennsylvania set sail from London, in the ship Welcome, captain Greenway.

The proprietor was accompanied by a hundred of his friends and fellow-professors, contemptuously call-

ed quakers by their haughty countrymen, because, in their religious meetings, like the faithful of every age, they sometimes trembled at the word of God.

A prosperous gale wafted the patriarchs of Pennsylvania, in six weeks, to the friendly coast of America; and the proprietary landed at Newcastle, on the 24th of October, under the acclamations of the Dutch settlers, who accompanied him to Upland, the principal Swedish settlement, where he collected an assembly of all the freemen of the province, by whom his jurisdiction was unanimously recognized and confirmed.

It was here that the father of his country made a treaty with the harmless natives, which was to last, in the figurative style of those nervous aborigines, who have since been so grossly misrepresented by European theorists, *as long as the trees should grow, or the waters run:* a treaty that was faithfully observed by both parties (let the potentates of Europe blush) through a happy period of eighty successive years, and that has since been consigned to historic immortality by the patriotic pencil of a descendant of one of the peaceful assistants, now the first painter of the age.

The founder of Pennsylvania was not long in fixing upon a situation that seemed prepared by nature, perhaps by Providence, for the sudden growth of his future capital. The spot was then covered with timber, its foundation was a stratum of potter's clay, the harbour furnished a bed of sand, the nearest hills contained quarries of stone, the vicinity yielded limestone and marble, and the penetration of intelligent observers discovered mines of coal and iron, upon the navigable branches of the Delaware, long before the new settlement afforded hands to work them.

It is an extensive plain, five miles above the confluence of two navigable rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill; the former, though 120 miles from the sea, being there a mile in width, and deep enough for vessels of 1200 tons; the latter, half as wide as the Thames at London, being also navigable as high as the scite of the town.

Some families of Swedes and Fins had obtained, by settlement, the right of possession. They willingly sold, or exchanged, their claim; and by the end of the year 1682, the ground plot of the future city was regularly laid out. Nine streets, two miles in length, run east and west, from river to river, and twenty-three, of a mile, intersect them at right angles, from north to south. None of these are less than fifty feet wide; and they distribute the plan into squares, the interior of which was designed for yards and gardens. Two main streets, of a hundred feet wide, cross each other in the centre, and form a public square, of which four more were laid out in the different quarters of the city; and a range of houses, for the principal inhabitants, was intended to open upon the water, in the manner of the Bomb Quai at Rotterdam; for which purpose the warehouses, &c. along the river, were intended to have been kept from rising above the bank. But cupidity, perhaps convenience, has crowded the platforms between the streets with narrow alleys; the public squares, except only that in the centre, have been otherwise appropriated; and the bank of the river has been built up with a row of houses, that now intercepts from the city the intended view of the port.

Fourscore houses and cottages were erected within the year, one of which is now occupied as a tavern, the sign of the Boatswain and Call, at the corner of Front and Dock streets; and another that was the city residence of William Penn, is yet standing in Black Horse alley, directly back of Lætitia court, which was so named from one of the daughters of the proprietary. Opposite to the latter, in the middle of Market-street, there stood for many years a monument of primitive simplicity, a wooden jail, that was sel-

dom inhabited by any body but the jailor.

The first child born in the new city, by name John Key, lived to his 85th year; one Edward Drinker, who was born in a cave under the bank of Delaware, survived till the declaration of independence, when the capital of the United States was estimated to contain 6000 houses, and 40,000 people; and there is a widow lady yet living, whose mother arrived from England when there were but three houses in Philadelphia.

The state house, or town hall, a substantial building, 200 feet front, including the wings, was erected within half a century after the woods were cleared away from its scite; the first episcopal church was soon afterward ornamented with a steeple that may vie, in point of elegance, with any spire in Europe; and, while Pennsylvania was still a dependant colony, scarcely distinguished, on the other side of the Atlantic, among twelve adjacent provinces of the British empire in America, a new prison was erected, sufficiently capacious for the future introduction of the philanthropic reform that has since converted jails into manufactories, and criminals into manufacturers.

During the revolutionary war, the capital of the struggling colonies remained stationary, or rather retrograded, under the occupation of the royal army, by whom, however, the houses were first numbered, and a floating bridge was thrown across the Schuylkill.

The western improvements then scarcely extended half a mile from the Delaware; and it was a country walk for the citizens to go to the Hospital, the Swedes' church, or the ship-yards at Kensington.

Since the revolution, so happily terminated by the independence of the United States, under the disinterested co-operation of a Franklin in counsel, a Morris in finance, and a Washington in the field, Philadelphia has increased with astonishing rapidity, notwithstanding the repeated ravages of a mortal fever, introduced from the pestilential atmosphere of the western Archipelago, where it has been excited to unusual virulence, by the civil wars of St. Domingo. In the year 1793, it swept away 5,000 people; a degree of mortality quite as great as usually attends the plague of the Levant.

A superb edifice of the Corinthian order, with a majestic portico of six fluted columns, was then building for the reception of the Bank of the United States, a vigorous offspring of the federal constitution, that had been framed in 1788, and organized in the following year, by the patriotic Washington, on being voluntarily ratified by two thirds of the thirteen independent states that then formed the American union: thus exhibiting to the expecting world a first example of a great nation reforming a defective system of government, without unsheathing the sword.

The city has since been beautified with an elegant structure, executed in white marble, from the design of an Ionic temple, for the offices of the Bank of Pennsylvania; and the intersection of the two principal streets is now occupied by a round tower, for the reception and distribution of the Schuylkill water, raised by machinery to a level of thirty or forty feet above the highest ground in the city.

The streets of Philadelphia are paved with pebble stones, and bordered with footways of brick, ten or twelve feet wide, elevated one foot above the carriage way, for the ease and safety of passengers. They are kept cleaner than those of any city in Europe, excepting the towns of Holland, where trade is carried on by canals; and London is the only capital in the world that is better lighted at night.

The private buildings are generally three stories high. They are built of a clear red brick, and mostly ornamented, in the new streets, with facings, key stones, and flights of steps, in white marble.

Ever since the operation of the federal constitution, three or four hundred houses have been annually erected, no small proportion of which (it is said, not less than two hundred) have been built, or caused to be built, by a single citizen, whose well laid plans have greatly improved the city, particularly in Walnut street; in Sansom street, the first that has been built in America with a strict attention to uniformity; and in Second street, where it crossed a morass that had long formed an inconvenient separation between the city and the northern suburbs.

Philadelphia, including Southwark and the Northern Liberties, now extends near three miles along the Delaware, and about a mile east and west; and is supposed to contain thirteen thousand houses, and eighty thousand people.

There are in it upwards of thirty churches, or meeting houses; in which the various denominations of believers perform the homage of public worship, to the common Father of mankind, according to their several forms and persuasions, under the happy system of toleration, secured to all professions, without a legal establishment for any.

Three large meeting houses are now building in different parts of the city; and stone piers have been erected in the river Schuylkill, for a permanent bridge of three arches, whose gigantic span would have been thought impracticable in Europe, long after the first settlement of Pennsylvania.

The market of Philadelphia, for beef, veal, and mutton, is second only to that of Leadenhall; and its pork, poultry, and game, are not inferior to those of the finest climates in the world; though it is excelled by New-York in the articles of fish and fruit.

The city was first incorporated in 1701, before which period it was called the town of Philadelphia; but the corporation was self elective, and not accountable to the citizens, according to the arbitrary systems of the mother country.

On the late auspicious revolution, this charter was annulled, and its powers were variously distributed, until, in 1789, a corporation was again regularly organized, by charter, constituting a mayor, recorder, fifteen aldermen, a common council, &c. the latter to be annually chosen by the taxable inhabitants.

The public institutions of Philadelphia are peculiarly numerous and beneficial. They include a university, as well as a competent number of public, private, and free schools, a philosophical society, a museum, a public library, an hospital, a dispensary, one public and two private alms-houses, a college of physicians, societies for promoting agriculture, for the encouragement of arts and manufactures, for the abolition of Negro slavery (a stain of colonial dependence that still tarnishes the fair escutcheon of American freedom), and for alleviating the miseries of public prisons, to whose benevolent exertions is chiefly owing the improvement of the penal code, and the present safety of the inhabitants from the depredations of the unprincipled part of the community.

Besides these benevolent associations, there are now in Philadelphia four chartered banks, six marine insurance companies, two for insuring against fire, and forty-one printing offices, five of which publish daily papers, that are in a few days circulated, at a trifling expence, from Georgia to New-Hampshire, by means of the post office; an establishment which originated in 1775, in the then capital of the British colonies, under the auspices of the venerable Franklin, so long the benefactor of his country.

The mint of the United States is still kept at Philadelphia; a type foundery has been long established, and printing, coach-making, cabinet work, and ship-building are carried to a degree of perfection unrivalled in America, and little excelled in Europe. But the staple commodity of Philadelphia is flour, of which 400,000 barrels have been exported in a year.

Such is the salubrity of the air of Philadelphia, that the births annually exceed the deaths in the proportion of five to three; yet the excessive heat of the summer months, during which the thermometer may be averaged at 72, and sometimes rises to 93, is so nearly allied to the atmosphere of the burning zone, as readily to receive and propagate the yellow fever of the West Indies, of late so frequently introduced into the United States, through perpetual intercourse, feebly restrained by the inadequate operations of local and temporary health laws.

Within the memory of a gentleman of observation, whose brilliant talents and engaging manners are still the ornament of the first circles of society, there were but three coaches kept by all the gentry of Philadelphia; not more than two, or at most three ships, arrived once a year with the *unrivalled* manufactures of Britain; nor were petty sloops fitted out to exchange American flour for West India produce but in shares of one third, one sixth, or even one twelfth, by the principal merchants of the place. Without exceeding the bounds of ordinary longevity, he has lived to see twelve or fifteen hundred sail annually expedited for every quarter of the globe, of which fifteen or twenty double the southern promontory of Africa, and explore the antipodes for the most costly productions of the east; while, at home, three hundred coaches occasionally display the ease of opulence, or the elegance of luxury.

Such an increase of wealth and splendour, within the recollection of a single man, admits but of one comparison in the history of the world; and if the capital of Russia may justly boast superior numbers, and a more recent origin, Petersburg has been created among the marshes of the Neva by a succession of absolute princes, commanding the resources of a mighty empire; while Philadelphia, at first only the chief town of a dependent colony, and now no more than the capital of a single province of an infant nation, has risen upon the banks of the Delaware, from the liberal institutes of a PRIVATE founder, seconded only by the energy of principle, and the efforts of intelligence, to a distinguished rank among the capitals of nations.

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By way of supplement to the foregoing judicious account, the editor has thought proper to subjoin the following extracts with which he has been favoured, from a private letter of a traveller in America.

Few cities in the world bear such evident marks of improvement as this. I do not mean in the mere increase of numbers, but in the elegance and comfort of accommodation. The first houses were commonly of very small dimensions, seldom more than two stories high, these stories extremely low, and terminating above in unwholesome, unsightly, and cumbrous projectures called pent-houses, and having below what is called by the inhabitants of the city a *porch*, or a raised platform of earth and bricks, with a wooden bench on either side. The walls were generally constructed of blue and red bricks alternately, or chequer-wise. The interior of dwellings was gloomy and inconvenient; the passages to chambers and cellars generally opened into the parlour, or, if connected with an entry or hall, were involved in utter darkness.

As years rolled away, houses have insensibly enlarged their dimensions, the cielings have gained four or five feet in height, staircases have been insulated from other apartments, and illuminated from the roof; the use of marble has greatly increased, and as no front wall or hearth is entirely constructed without it, so there are some composed entirely of this material. Houses of two stories no longer rise from the ground, and a new story is

gained by fitting up the cellars as kitchens and nurseries, and raising their level so as admit the light through neat and spacious windows.

The city with respect to its avenues has in some respects greatly degenerated from the wise and generous plan of its founder. Cupidity has not been able to narrow or incumber the streets, traced by him, but it has multiplied the number, by dividing what he intended should remain entire, and by leading dirty, crowded, and narrow alleys, through spaces which were originally designed to remain vacant.

Of late years, a most surprising and inestimable change has taken place, by the introduction of the Italian poplar. Before the revolution, several old forest trees were scattered through the city, most of which were felled by the British soldiery, when in garrison in 1778, and the rest were afterwards extirpated by a silly apprehension of fire, and by the current of fashion taking a turn hostile to trees. The yellow fever has brought into vogue notions of the salubrity of verdure, foliage, and shade, and the spiry form, quick growth, and hardy constitution of this species of the poplar, has made the use of it almost universal.

To a spectator, who views the city from one of its steeples, there is no circumstance in which the contrast is more striking between the prospect twenty years ago and now, than in the present profusion of trees. Every house, especially as the eye recedes from the Delaware, appears embosomed in a thick and delightful grove; whereas formerly, not only trees were extremely rare, but the poplar was no where to be seen, where now there are many hundreds. The fashion seems, in this respect, by no means declining, and will probably maintain itself in force till every principal street is adorned with a double row of trees: a period which every one condemned by necessity to a town life must joyfully anticipate.

A particular advantage redounds to this city, from the original plan extending westward. The suburbs, by which we commonly understand the residence of the poor and mean, are stretched north and south along the Delaware, while the western quarters have grown up more slowly into open and stately streets..... The yellow fever has, within the last ten years, given an extraordinary spring to the progress of building in a quarter supposed to be favourable to health, and as the western line of the city moves free and unobstructed for two or three miles, it has approached this line along many avenues, and in widely scattered buildings. Hence the western skirts present to us elegant structures, shaded and surrounded by flourishing trees and verdant fields, and almost all the benefits of a country life are combined, by the inhabitants of this quarter, with those of a town residence.

Philadelphia is not inferior to other American towns in the benefits of pleasant walks. The court belonging to the state house was the only public garden for many years; but the centre square has lately been thickly and regularly planted with poplars, and will, in a very few years, vie in pleasantness with any thing of that nature in the United States. Meanwhile, the taste and munificence of a private citizen, by covering almost an entire square (of four or five acres) with a great variety of trees, and the most luxuriant herbage, by raising round this field a low fence, and a double row of poplars, and by enlarging the external footway, at the expence of his own property, has supplied the city with a walk as pleasant, though not, perhaps, as sublime or as long, as any city in the world can boast.

In the state house garden, a very great concourse of children, and of the lower classes, is always to be found on Sundays and holidays, and by thus contributing to popular recreation and amusement, it serves an excellent purpose; though the

distinctions that unavoidably creep into human society have made it almost disreputable for the wealthy and fashionable orders to appear there.

The state house was formerly the seat of the state and general governments. Here chiefly sat that illustrious assembly who commenced and completed the revolution, and that body, the grand convention, which raised the mighty edifice of the federal constitution. The translation of the general and local governments to other places, left this building for some time unoccupied, till the legislature granted permission to Charles W. Peale to occupy its upper story with his museum. This is the largest collection of natural history in America; and if the most disinterested and indefatigable zeal in the cause of science can lay claim to praise, there are few citizens more worthy of applause than the founder of this museum.

A house, originally built for the accommodation of the governor of the state, has since come into possession of the university of Pennsylvania, and the ancient building, formerly their property, is appropriated to other purposes. The new edifice is the largest structure in the city, and situated at a favourable distance from the seats either of business or disease.

This institution flourishes in one of its branches, namely, the medical, in a very high degree. The professors, in the various branches of that science, are of very great eminence, and their reputation attracts annually from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pupils, from the most remote parts of the United States. Barton, the botanical professor, is the greatest name on this side of the Atlantic, in the walk of natural history; Shippen, Wistar, and Physick have earned a great reputation in anatomy and surgery; chemistry is taught by Woodhouse, with all the skill and success to be naturally expected from his unrivalled zeal and industry; and Rush has acquired equal celebrity, as a medical author and teacher.

For the Literary Magazine.

A WORLDLING'S PRAYER.

BEND a favourable ear, O Lord, to all our prayers; but grant only those of our prayers which thou knowest will be serviceable to us. Have compassion on the errors and blindness of these my brethren, and let not any thought of their hearts be gratified, for all the good things they ask for would prove unto them vanity and vexation of spirit.

Remove far from us all the evils of war. Let those who would oppress us, and despoil us of our property, be driven far away. Let mankind be taught to live together in concord, as becometh children of the same parent; that so there may be no need of soldiers or ships; that the peace of our humble dwellings be no more disturbed by the visits of assessors, and our hard earnings be taken away by cold-blooded tax-gatherers.

Give humility to the poor and beggarly, and make them contented under the allotment of thy providence; that so they may not pester thy faithful and thrifty servants with their outcries for charity; and deliver them from all temptation to break our doors, and thereby put us in jeopardy of our lives, and rob us of the little that thou hast given us.

Hear, we beseech thee, O Lord, hear the prayers of the widow, and the fatherless, and the halt, and the blind, and the old, and the bed-ridden, and relieve their many wants from thy own stores, and thy own bounty, that so they may no longer depend for bread upon the scanty gifts of selfish mortals, and that so the poor-taxes may be lessened, and every man pluck the fruit of his own fig-tree without being obliged to share it with others.

Save us, we pray thee, from perishing by fire. Take this great city especially under thy divine protection; and let a particularly large share of thy regard be bestowed upon the buildings in Third street, between Vine and Sassafras. Sundry

of them, thou knowest, belong to thy servant, and but one among them all is brick.

Have compassion on all those who are sick and in prison. Restore to them, O Lord, their health and liberty; that so they be able to fulfil all their contracts, and pay their just debts. Have an eye of especial regard to Richard Harris, who is now sick almost unto death. Raise him up once more to be a help and stay to his wife and children, and give him wherewithal to pay thy servant what he oweth him, to wit, the sum of three hundred dollars and sixteen cents, due, with interest thereon, since the fourth instant.

Let thy tender mercy preserve us from all floods and earthquakes. Bear with the sins of this generation a little while longer. Be not wroth with the good people of New-Jersey, and especially with the county of Morris, seeing thy servant has a mortgage on certain lands in said county. But if thy fierce anger will not be stayed, and thou sendest thy earthquakes to overturn the houses and kill the people, let it be so, if it seemeth good to thee; but, we pray thee, shake not the earth too much with thy fearful presence, nor destroy these metes and boundaries of arable and meadow which the law, in good time, may give unto thy servant.

Visit us not again, we pray thee, for our manifold transgressions, with the pestilence; but, if thy fury will not yet be stayed, let the vial of thy wrath be poured out upon us early in the month of July; that so thy servant may have excuse for not paying sundry notes of his hand thereafter to become due; and that so he may have his money's worth of the house that he hired as a place to flee to in a time of need.

If, peradventure, there be any in danger of shipwreck, and likely to perish, hear them when they cry to thee for help. Bethink thee of their wives and little ones, who quake with fear of the tempest; but, if the iniquities of fallen men claim their punishment at thy just hands, and thy anger waxeth hot against my sinful neighbour, Francis Settlesides, do not smite him in his person, his wife, or his children, but blow with thy wind and cause a ship of his, that he lately sent to Port Republican with precious commodities, to sink in the midst of the sea; that so it may never arrive, nor the market be overstocked. But hearken to thy servant's prayer, and let the same wind only hasten the passage of the good ship Flying-fish, whereof is master, *under thee*, for the present voyage, Caleb Strong, which said ship belongeth to thy servant, in partnership with Mr. Michael Halliday, of Boston..... Amen. C.

For the Literary Magazine.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

NO. VIII.

——"Black as night;
Fierce as ten furies; terrible as hell."

EVERY reader knows that this is part of Milton's description of an imaginary personage called *Death*. How few are there among the readers of this, or any popular poet, who stop to enquire into the propriety or reasonableness of what they read! They are told beforehand that this or that is a sublime production, and, with a modesty in some respects praise-worthy, take the work as a criterion of taste and excellence, and seldom venture to judge for themselves, or to derive the reasons of their approbation from the unbiassed and original suggestions of their own minds.

I, for my part, must acknowledge myself not prone to this obliging and obsequious sort of acquiescence..... Perhaps I am a little captious, and take more pleasure in detecting faults, than in recognizing beauties. Vanity whispers that to find faults in a celebrated and generally admired spectacle, is to see further

than others, and to evince a superior penetration. To dissent where others acquiesce, to be dissatisfied where others are well pleased, is the readiest way to consideration and repute with some people. Among that number I am half inclined to place myself; but I am still encouraged to indulge this humour in carping at the bard of Paradise, because your readers, if they do not approve my strictures, will be, at least, prompted to exercise their judgment in accounting to themselves for their disapprobation.

Erroneous criticisms, as they are, in the same respects, injurious; so are they likewise, in the same respects, beneficial, as bad reasoning in politics or religion. They injure those whom they convince, but they are profitable to him whem they do not make a convert, inasmuch as they induce him to examine and enquire for himself, and all his objections to the false system are, at the same time, arguments in favour of the true. With these preliminaries, I now will take the liberty of stating the ideas which the above quotation has suggested to me.

Poets have frequently attempted to exhibit *Death* as a person or agent. They who have, for this purpose, described every part of nature as under the particular superintendance of an invisible agent or angelic minister, and have therefore represented the causes inimical to human life as the agency or influence of one, who, as in the Hebrew and Arabian allegories, may be termed the *angel* of *death*, seem to have been most consistent with propriety and a just taste. In this case, the usual symbols of the angel have been, very properly, those of a soldier or executioner.... He is painted like a man in armour, the destroying sword naked in his hand, and riding on a sable steed at one time, and hovering over the devoted place or person, with menacing attitudes, at another.

Another set of allegorists, among whom all the vulgar may be ranked, have made a person and performer of Death himself. They have given substance and design to a mere privation. One not familiar with the subject, would feel much curiosity as to the attributes and shape which so incongruous a freak of fancy would assume. If I do not mistake, we shall generally find that Death, personified under this view, is neither more nor less than a living skeleton of a man; the bones kept together by their ligaments, and moving by a sort of anatomic power. With this class of inventors, Death is nothing more than the osseous system of some dead individual.

Painters, and particularly Fuseli, have imagined the spectres of the dead in a mode, in some respects, remarkably proper. The apparition of Hamlet's father, for example, is no other than the identical individual risen from the grave. It is the corporeal frame which we behold, deprived of every thing but its bones and *muscles*. In short, it is the picture of a man *flead alive*, and who continues alive notwithstanding the loss of his cutaneous vesture. The propriety, in some respects, of this conception of a spectre, is evident; since, if the skin be not necessary to life, the *muscles*, at least, are indispensible to *motion*.

This notion of a spectre must be gained from the experience either of anatomists or executioners, unless, indeed, the right of re-appearance after death were extended to the lower animals: in which case, in order to gain an accurate idea of the apparition of an ox or a sheep, for example, the poet or painter may resort to the slaughter-house of any beef or mutton butcher. He need only look on while the dead animal is *skinned;* nay, may chance to meet in the market-house, depending from an iron hook, a very pretty ghost of a lamb.

It is in pursuance of this system that the portrait of Death is, in like manner, that of a dead man; but, in order to be a suitable representation of the grand destroyer, the image must be stripped of every

thing but its *bones*. Even muscles, which may account for a ghost's moving, are denied to this *horrible mockery*, who, notwithstanding, stalks about, and even *shakes a dreadful dart*.

A young painter, of my acquaintance, was once highly pleased with a simile, which, though trite and vulgar, he had just heard for the first time. Some one, in order to illustrate the obstinacy with which a bailiff adhered to an ill-fated debtor, observed, that he stuck to him like grim Death to a dead cat.

This grotesque, yet powerful image, took such strong hold of my friend's fancy, that he resolved to *paint the groupe*. Inquiring as to what sort of forms he designed to bestow upon the two personages, he answered, "that the model of a *dead cat* was to be easily found in any kennel, but that as to the grim Death, he had been under some difficulty. The usual portraits of Death had been taken from the human figure; but this was evidently a consideration of Death in relation to the human subject. It was, therefore, inapplicable to a scene in which *cats*, and not *men*, were to be actors and patients."

I endeavoured to remove his difficulties, by suggesting that analogy required that the Death which he was desirous of making visible, should be copied from the skeleton of a *cat*. The power that kills cats may assume the form of the cat, with just as much propriety as the man-killing power is made to assume the form of a man. As to the kingly crown and the shaken dart (Death, it seems, is a *royal* and a military personage) I confessed myself at a loss to propose a substitute. Death, though an arrant murderer, is not always a homicide; must less is he himself constantly of the human species. The composer of the famous epitaph on "P. P. clerk of this parish," was not quite as wise as he was poetical, when he asserted that

> "Do all we can,
> *Death is a man*
> That never spareth none."

This disquisition has led me away from my purpose, which was, not to censure the shocking and hideous incongruity which Milton, in common with the vulgar, has been guilty of in his portrait of Death, but merely to comment on the images contained in the above quotation. There are three attributes of this offspring of his brain, which these comparisons are designed to illustrate. In the first place, the creature is black as night; next, he is fierce as *ten* furies; and, lastly, he is terrible as hell.

How it may appear to others I cannot tell, but these images appear to me either vague or grotesque. *Black as night* is an image the most trite, obvious, and unprecise imaginable. Absolute darkness, which implies the utter exclusion of all light, produces to the eye the effect of the most perfect blackness; but not so night. The night is, in different degrees, dark or gloomy; but its darkness, and, consequently, its blackness, is never absolute. Of the three kinds of night known in this upper world, the moon-light and star-light ones are resplendent. Infernal or Tartarian night is constantly irradiated by an upper, nether, and surrounding fires. We should have smiled perhaps, had the poet chosen to say, black as ebony; and yet, would he not have gained in precision what he lost in sublimity?

The ferocity of ten furies is more formidable or destructive than that of one, as *ten hells* are more *terrible* than *one hell*; but *degrees* of ferocity are entirely distinct from the *multitude* of the fierce. As swift as ten race-horses, is a comparison without a meaning. As poetical as ten Homers, infallible as ten popes, brave as ten Diomeds, wise as ten Newtons, tall as ten giants, are all similies, the grotesqueness and absurdity of which are evident at first

sight; but Milton's *ten* furies are exactly parallel to these.

A tattered woman once applied to me for alms; I offered her a trifle, but she demanded six times as much: "For see," says she, "I am as poor as *half a dozen beggars.*" Now, this rhetoric was quite as correct as Milton's.

I once overheard two children contending about the superior excellence of the lump of sugar which each had just received. One said that "his lump was as sweet....as any thing; as big....as big could be; and as white,...as a *snow-ball.*" The other instantly retorted, that "*his* was sweeter than any thing; bigger than big could be; and *white* as a *hundred snow-balls.*" Now, the whiteness of a hundred snow-balls is nowise greater than the whiteness of any individual snow-ball. To be mad as an army of maniacs does not even imply a madness equal to that of the maddest trooper in the army; it simply *means nothing.*

That Death should be as terrible as hell, is not an unnatural thought, especially with those to whom one is only a conductor to the other: but this is just as if one should say, that a hangman is as hateful as the gallows, a dun as the bailiff, or a bailiff as the prison.

Every thing is desirable or otherwise, according to the good or bad effects it produces or is expected to produce. Strictly speaking, Death is as terrible to sinners as hell, because of the connection which one has with the other; but this affinity is rather moral than poetical.

The most powerful and magnificent conception that was ever formed of Death, is probably conveyed in the common phrase of "the king of terrors." This image, however, has no relation to crowns, swords, or skeletons. By these it is enfeebled and debased; nor is it possible, without incongruity and oddity, to attempt to *paint* the image. Such images it is the prerogative of poetry to call up; but the fault of the painter is essentially committed by the poet, when he attempts to exhibit such a portrait of his terrific majesty as a painter might copy.

For the Literary Magazine.

STATISTICAL VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

IN the annexed table, the compiler has endeavoured to collect as many geographical and political particulars as possible, into one succinct view. The sagacious reader will perceive, in some of the items, a certain deviation from the most authentic documents. As this deviation was voluntary, it is necessary to explain the reasons which occasioned it.

In the first place, the area of any considerable region cannot be ascertained with absolute precision. The bounds of most countries and provinces have not been entirely measured astronomically; and different measurements are found to vary in a greater or less degree. This difference is seldom of any consequence; all the purposes of human science requiring, in these respects, not an absolute but only a relative precision.

The bounds of the American states, for example, and all computations of their area, are deficient in absolute certainty, but the degree of certainty obtained is amply sufficient for every ordinary purpose. *Round numbers*, in stating comparatively all great sums, are necessary to their easy comprehension and prompt recollection, and, if used with judgment, may actually be as near the truth as the most particularizing minuteness. In stating the area of a great country, like Great Britain, it is of no importance whether the stated sum be a few hundreds or thousands below or above the exact truth, for the exact truth can never be obtained. It can only be approached; and the benefits of this knowledge, in reasoning and comparison, are realized by mere proximity, while the memory is aided by

employing as simple and entire sums as possible. Thus, some computers make the area of South Britain 57,947, and that of North Britain 27,120. This affectation of accuracy, in descending to hundreds, tens, and units, when the whole sum is so large, is evidently absurd, even supposing this degree of accuracy attainable; but 60,000 in one case, and 30,000 in another, have as good a chance of accuracy as the sums above specified, because other minute computers vary from those above-mentioned as much as 60,000 does from 57,947, or 30,000 from 27,120.

In settling the area of the American states, I have adopted such round numbers as are nearer to absolute precision than those commonly adopted, while, at the same time, being round numbers, they are much more suitable as objects of recollection and comparison than any broken sums.

It is well known, that the census of a great country can never absolutely reach the truth. A certain allowance must always be made for unavoidable omissions. This allowance has been only so far used, in the annexed table, as to make tolerably round sums; but the bounds of this allowance have never been touched; so that the sums actually stated, though a few units higher than the printed results of the census, are undoubtedly much below the truth.

Simple and concise as this table appears, the compilation has cost the author no small pains: but he will be highly gratified if any of its readers should derive instruction from it. It is manifest that it contains particulars, never before brought together into the same view, and that it contains almost every thing ascertainable or useful to the student of American geography.

No citizen should be ignorant of these particulars in the state of his own country; and yet it is probable that not one among five millions of Americans has all the particulars of this table in his memory. To enable those who please to familiarize themselves to these interesting and important facts, with facility and method, and to supply the place of memory to those who want the leisure, inclination, or ability, was my purpose in forming it.

I believe a single glance at this table will acquaint the reader with its usefulness. By arranging the particulars in distinct columns, and employing figures instead of words, we are enabled to see, at a single glance, the state of this part of the world, in extent, population, the degree of the prevalence of Negro slavery, and the population of its chief towns.

This or a similar table should be introduced into every seminary, and gotten by rote by every scholar between twelve and fifteen years of age. By searching in this table answers to the following questions, the reader will familiarize its contents to his imagination.

Which is the largest or least state in the union?

Which is the most or least populous?

Which is the most or least populous in proportion to its extent?

Which has the largest or smallest positive number of slaves?

In which is the proportion of slaves to free largest or smallest?

What is this extent, this population, this population of slaves, and this relative proportion?

What is the absolute and relative extent, population, &c. of all the states?

These questions can all be answered by a momentary glance at this table; but these, however important, could not be answered, without its assistance, but after difficult and tedious searches, calculations, and comparisons. ECONOMOS.

For the Literary Magazine.

ON PLAGIARISM.

PITIABLE is his lot that is impelled, by some casual or extraneous

motive, to write, without possessing either sentiments or subject. This is, at present, exactly my situation. Having taken up the pen to write an essay, I made a short pause, and put up an earnest invocation to the muses for their succour, in a time of lamentable need. They have been deaf to my entreaties, unless, indeed, it has been by their inspiration or suggestion that my wife, a moment after, made her appearance, and seeing my musing posture, and bewildered look, enquired into the subject of my meditations.

I explained to her the object of my secret prayer; but, instead of seconding my supplication, she told me the prayer was superfluous, for I had only to turn to any current book of essays, and marking with a pen in the margin what chanced to please me, varying perhaps the title and the signature, send it to the press as my own. If I were particularly concerned to keep the secret from the type-setter, I had only to transcribe the essay.

On my observing how extremely liable to detection such an imposture would be, she answered, that the danger was much less than I expected; that the danger implied two circumstances, which very rarely occurred, namely, that the reader had ever read the essay before, or that, having read it, he would recollect it sufficiently to recognize any resemblance in the one before him. For one that discovers the fraud, thousands will be blind to it. And should you be detected, what then? It is not you, who are an anonymous personage, that gains by the deception, but they who read it as original that gain. If they see that it has been published before, they may read or forbear as they please; but if the belief of its novelty induces them to read, they have been deceived into an instructive and delightful path. Print one of the finest papers from the Guardian or Spectator in a popular newspaper, acknowledging the source from which it comes, and not one of its thousand subscribers will read; on the contrary, they will fiercely declaim against the folly and impertinence of republishing such stale and hackneyed stuff. But publish it with all the apparatus of an original production, and every body shall be delighted and instructed, and wonder who it is among his countrymen that writes so wittily and morally. To all but some forty out of the thousand, it will be absolutely new; they will now read it for the first time. Among this forty there shall be ten, perhaps, who have some faint notion that they have seen this, or something like it, before, while one or two, who have memories more lively and tenacious than is common, or whose attention has been, by chance, particularly fixed, in early life, by this essay, shall immediately recognize it. This one's vanity may possibly induce him to inform the multitude of less industrious readers of their mistake: but no harm will accrue from this. All the pleasure and instruction which the essay is calculated to afford will already be afforded by it, and this information can only operate by recommending to the carless or forgetful reader the original collection at large.

We have lately had an instance, continued my wife, to this effect. There is no collection of essays in English literature more familiarly known than the "Idler." And yet one of its essays was lately published and republished in some American newspapers as an original letter from the doctor to a lady, never before printed. I suppose some good girl had transcribed it for her own use, and being found among her papers by survivors, was naturally supposed by them to be original. How very few of the readers of this newspaper remembered to have ever read this performance before; and those most familiar with Johnson could probably go no further than to say, that they had suspected they had somewhere met with this or that paragraph or sentence before.

For all this, said I, I cannot fully approve of your expedient. If the deception does no injury to others, but even benefits the world at large, I am afraid the injury done to my own character and feelings, by any deception, however plausible and palliable, will be more than equivalent.

You are marvellously punctilious, she answered. This rigid adherence to veracity, this forbearance to disguise or violate the truth, when no personal interest can possibly be suspected to influence you, and when others can derive from it nothing but advantage, is entirely unknown in real life. However, to save your scruples, you may publish it merely without acknowledging the source it comes from. You are surely at liberty, consistently with every rule, to repeat the sentiments of others, in this form, leaving your readers at liberty to ascribe it to whom they please. You are not bound to supply other people's defects of judgment or memory.

Still, said I, this is only palliating the fraud. To deceive, by silence or by words, by visible or audible signs, by speech, gesture, or look, are all upon a level with each other. The guilt consists in the intention and design; the means of executing the design are nothing. No man is culpable who misleads another without intending it, and every one is culpable who intends to deceive, even though the means he uses to effect his purpose should produce a contrary effect, and open the eyes they were designed to shut.

Well, replied she, Heaven grant that you and I may never have a more flagrant guilt to answer for than that of deceiving others in this manner.

My dear, said I, I echo your prayer; yet I am very sadly sure that many more serious offences than this will rise up against me: but shall a man who pilfers sixpence from his neighbours excuse himself, by saying that he had already committed murder? He that is faulty already has a stronger reason than the absolutely innocent, for not augmenting his criminal list.

They that offend in this way, said my wife, still maintaining her point, are at least kept in countenance by a numerous fellowship in guilt..... What think you of Virgil, and indeed of all the Roman poets, who are little more than translators from the Greek, and who yet never acknowledged their debts. I need not remind you of the unlimited pillage which the *modern Latin* poets and prosaists have made upon the treasury of *ancient* similies, allusions, images, phrases, and epithets. Nobody ever thought of arraigning for literary felony or imposture our Milton, though his great work abounds in every page with thoughts and images taken, without acknowledgment, from Roman, Italian, and English poets, who preceded him. And what an arrant thief was Shakespeare! How very few of his plots and scenes are purely products of his own invention. To previous annalists, chroniclers, and play-wrights, in every tongue with which he was acquainted, he made no scruple to apply when in want of matter. Nor does it appear that he took any measures to prevent the natural inference that ignorance and inexperience, upon perusing his works, could not fail to draw. All the guilt of deceiving by silence and forbearance is imputable to Shakespeare, in as large a measure as to any mortal that ever wrote.....

As my wife never yet engaged in a dispute without having the last word, I wisely forbore to make any comments on her last speech. Here then the debate ended, but my scruples being in no degree abated, and the muses continuing as deaf as ever to my supplication, I find I must, however reluctantly, relinquish my design, and lay down the pen without writing an essay. Hereafter, perhaps, the tide of fancy may more easily flow.

ALCANDER.

For the Literary Magazine.

VARIETIES.

RELIQUES.....ST. PETER'S SCULL.

A CERTAIN pope congratulated himself on his death-bed for the great integrity and prosperity of his administration, and all the ministers and courtiers which surrounded the pontifical couch joined in the homage: and pray, reader, what thinkest thou was the chief proof of this glory and prosperity, what the principal exploit by which his short reign had been so eminently and honourably distinguished in the eyes of God and man? Perhaps he drained some bog, by which some thousands of his subjects had their lives prolonged, and their health secured. Perhaps he abolished some iniquitous law, by which the happiness of tens of thousands had been molested and impaired. Perhaps he cleared away a sand bar, or constructed a mole, by which trade and commerce were endowed with new activity and energy. Perhaps he abrogated or softened some religious edict, and in consequence improved, in some slight degree, the condition of that part of his subjects who dissented from the Romish ritual. No, reader; these were frivolous exploits, and unworthy of so great a personage..... His holiness' great and only achievements had been the performance of the baptismal ceremony on ten Jews, and the conversion of half a million of crowns, collected in five years from the people by a new tax on bread, into a casket of gold enriched with gems, in which had been solemnly deposited a scull, supposed to have once belonged to St. Peter.

A PRESERVATIVE AGAINST EARTHQUAKE AND THUNDER.

Philip the second of Spain is well known to have expended enormous sums in the erection of the convent and palace of the Escurial. He very cautiously provided, by the best means, against all the ordinary accidents to which such a building was liable. There were two accidents, however, to which every edifice, constructed partly of wood, and raised upon the surface of the earth, are unavoidably exposed: and these are earthquake and lightning. After much reflection on the best method of averting these evils, the sagacious monarch and his counsellors at last hit upon expedients which they deemed infallible. One of these consisted in enclosing, with the utmost solemnity, certain small portions and splinters of the hair, nails, and bones which formerly belonged to St. Laurence, in the urns, placed along the roof of the building. This was to serve as a sure preservative against lightning, while earthquake was carefully averted by enclosing certain fragments of the oaken staff, woolen hose, and hairy mattrass of the same martyr, in the cubes and rhombs which formed the corner stones and buttresses of the edifice.

HENRY IV.

Henry IV of France used to ride beside his mistresses in the streets of Paris and Lyons, holding her by the hand, and occasionally kissing her. They usually attended mass together, and fondled and caressed each other during service. Shows were sometimes exhibited by the cities and provinces of France, in which bishops and priors bowed the knee, and presented incense to the picture or emblem of the royal mistresses. When the lady herself was present, this homage was offered to the real personage.

STONEHENGE.

Stonehenge is a double circle, formed of large oblong stones set on end, in the midst of a vast plain in Wiltshire, in England. For several centuries it was the firm belief of all classes of the English nation, that this circle was originally erect-

ed by St. Patrick in Ireland, but that Merlin, the great Cambrian magician, at the earnest request of a certain British king (I forget his name), had caused it to be plucked up and transported across the Irish channel in one night, by certain demons, the vassals of his power. As many spirits were engaged in this task as there were stones, one pillar being allotted to each, and they were all placed on Salisbury plain, in exactly their pristine order. I have often thought that a very fine poetical use might be made of this tradition. A genius like Wieland's or Spencer's might raise a delightful structure upon such foundations..... But what must be the state of that understanding, which could solemnly and implicitly admit the tale as true!

Some of the strongest and most enlightened minds have given equal credit to the similar transportation of the *holy house of Loretto*, from Syria to Italy, while they laugh at the poor Arabs, who believe, with infinitely more reason, that the walls and columns of Palmyra and Balbec were raised by demons, working uner the direction of Solomon.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

Why beauty is so much prized by the sex; why the possession excites so much exultation, and the want so much envy and repining, will not be wondered at when we reflect upon the distinction which beauty confers in the eyes of *man*kind. The epithet *celebrated*, applied to a man, instantly suggests some intellectual quality. Applied to woman we as naturally imagine that her beauty or personal accomplishments in singing, dancing, and the like, are spoken of.

Roderigo, fourth count of Barcelona, had an only daughter, whose beauty made her name familiar throughout Europe. Several princes and nobles came from the extremities of the north and east for the mere purpose of verifying the reports of fame, and convincing themselves, by their own eyes, of her pre-eminence. Whenever she went abroad the eyes of every spectator followed her: on whatever human countenance she directed her attention, on public and solemn occasions, she beheld marks of rapture, devotion, and astonishment. It was no extraordinary thing for men to fall on their knees as she passed in the streets, and utter frantic ejaculations of delight, and even of adoration. The archbishop humourously prohibited her presence at church, because the congregation were irresistibly impelled to withdraw their homage from celestial objects, and bestow it on a mere mortal.

The poets of her country exhausted all their ingenuity in her praises; and a fraternity was formed among the most illustrious youth of the nation, which paid divine honours to her image or portrait, under the modest appellation of the *Mother of God*. My sober readers must not be scared at this; for they must know that the Roman religion enjoins worship to be paid to the mother of the Saviour; that is, to any statue or picture arbitrarily denominated such. As the votaries of this religion are at liberty to chuse any set of features for their Madonna, it is natural and easy to take for this purpose those, either real or imaginary, which please them most; and hence, nothing is more common than for lovers to worship their mistresses under this form.

As the beauty of Clara Isabella exceeded any thing that the imagination of painter or statuary could conceive, her image became the peculiar object of devotion to a select faternity who called themselves her knights; but it was at the same time scattered throughout Europe, by being copied in the foreign manufactures of this article, so that this exquisite beauty became really a universal idol, and received the most solemn testimonies of devotion from the farthest limits of Scotland, Sweden, and Hungary.

Her knights, composed chiefly of Catalonian and Provençal nobility,

assumed a great number of vows, testifying their unlimited devotion to her, binding themselves to assert her universal pre-eminence, and fulfil her most trivial commands at the hazard of fortune and life..... Some of them are said to have given the most extravagant proofs of their attachment, by throwing themselves down precipices, or rushing upon certain death in battle, at a hint from her; and the personal love which numbers contracted for her, as it could not be gratified in the ordinary way, displayed itself in the most outrageous freaks and most desperate enterprizes.

Instances are mentioned of accomplished and illustrious youths devoting themselves to arduous pilgrimages, intolerable penances, and even to inevitable death, in obedience to commands imposed thoughtlessly or in jest, and extorted from her by their importunate devotion.... One of her knights assassinated a caliph's visier; another placed a crucifix in the principal mosque of Medina; another, with a band of followers, brought away a princess of Grenada, famed for her beauty, from the midst of her father's *haram*, to serve her as a waiting-maid.

Locks of her hair, her cast-off raiment, a slipper she had worn, a ribbon which had once encircled her arm or waist, were besought and preserved as the most sacred reliques. Compliments on her beauty and costly presents were sent to her, not only from christian potentates, but from Arabian emirs and Turkish sultans, from the borders of the Black sea and the Erythrean gulph.

What human being could fail of being intoxicated by homage like this! what portion of wisdom or humility could preserve Clara from some degree of vanity and credulity! and how must the value which the sex, in general, affix to beauty be heightened by observing these testimonies of devotion paid to it!

It does not appear that this paragon possessed a mind of extraordinary force or elegance; that her moral constitution was distinguished by any qualities remarkably good or bad. Her triumph appears to have been merely the triumph of personal charms, of a handsome face, and a graceful form. This triumph had a short career, and an early termination, for she died, at the age of nineteen, of a fever caught while beholding a show upon the water, exhibited at Barcelona in honour of her.

We cannot but indulge our fancy in imagining the consequences, if nature had combined with all this beauty, and the sovereignty of Catalonia, one of the most flourishing principalities at that time in Christendom, a mind as much endowed with dignity, energy, and sagacity, as met together in the character, for instance, of Elizabeth of England. Sovereign power confers upon human beings many of the attributes which properly belong only to superior natures. Intellectual powers are a still more irresistible claim to authority and veneration. The history of modern ages shows us the force of beauty. Had all these then been blended in the Catalonian princess, how much more than mortal would she have been!

For the Literary Magazine.

THOUGHTS ON WEALTH.

PART II.

IF we offered up our secret petitions to heaven for wisdom, with as much sincerity as we do for wealth, if our love of the former was as fervent as it is of the latter, if we were willing to undergo the same toils, and suffer the same privations to obtain the one, as we do to grasp the other, no doubt our prayers would be heard, our wishes would be gratified, and our toil and privations amply rewarded. If we were truly wise, we should prefer virtue to wealth, and a contented mind to all the good things this world can bestow. How glorious, how sublime then would

be the picture of human nature! A flood of happiness would rush in upon the universe, of happiness founded on wisdom and virtue, overturning the temples of folly and the abodes of vice, of happiness not depending on external circumstances, liable to no change, but pure, unalterable, and eternal.

But wealth is preferred to wisdom, pleasure to virtue, and enjoyment to self-denial. There are few who would willingly rest their hopes of happiness on contentment, if wealth were within their reach; every man believes he would be better contented in a state of affluence than in any other, and in this every one is disappointed.

Wealth is in itself useless as the earth we tread, it is valuable only when we part with it. As the clouds which darken the face of heaven contribute nothing to the fertility of the earth, but when they part with the liquid treasures they contain, so the wealthy man contributes nothing to the good of society, but when his wealth is distributed among the lower classes; trade is then revived, arts and sciences protected and encouraged, and his country exhibits monuments of wealth, well employed and generously bestowed.

Wealth is valuable, because mankind agree in treating its possessor with respect and deference, and there are few so humble as not to wish themselves respected, and though every one is convinced that the respect with which he is treated is owing to adventitious advantages, and not to his intrinsic merit, yet without anxiety as to the cause, he is contented with the pleasing effect.

Were not this the case; were men valued and respected only for their services, their talents, or their virtues, wealth would be a trifling object, and unworthy the care, the anxiety, and toilsome exertions necessary to obtain it, and enjoy the pleasures it affords. We are informed by the ancients that there was a time, when the legislator of one of the states of Greece lessened the value of money, so as to make it less an object of pursuit; and also that the Roman citizens were accustomed to give their money to support the expences of the state. Some believe no man would now be willing to sacrifice his private interest at the shrine of public good; but let it be considered, times and circumstances have changed. The object of the Grecian legislator was to educate men in a warlike manner; war was then more the business of life than it is in modern times; to lead armies into the field, to conquer and destroy, to level all remains of a former government, and unite the governed to the conquering power, seems to have been the chief object of nations. Further, we are to consider that every wise government, at such a period, would provide for the defence of its people, as every one was liable to be overturned by some more powerful neighbour. A state of warfare was at first necessary to the Romans, as it is to all infant governments: the same spirit which induced them to defend themselves against the attacks of others, afterwards induced them to attempt their conquest..... The safety of the state, or its glory, was what every man thought himself bound to advance; and I have no doubt but the same emergencies would occasion similar conduct; human nature is still the same; men who despised wealth were, in my opinion, as rare as they are now, or why are they so extolled? Whatever is plentiful is held in little estimation, and whatever is rare is highly valued.

Wealth to be obtained must be sought with diligence and perseverance; if we are repulsed at one part of the fortress of wealth, we must attack another, neither must we be too fastidious; we must stoop where we cannot pass in an upright position; of this we have daily proofs: there are few who have not seen those who, deserving and knowing the value of wealth, have attempted to secure its possession, but who have been defeated at every at-

tempt, because their lofty spirits disdained the many little, though, perhaps, necessary means for its attainment; while, on the other hand, men who have emerged from the deepest shades of obscurity, without talents or virtue, honour or dignity, have, by employing the necessary means, amassed great wealth, and filled the most elevated ranks of society.

Yet let it not be supposed that I consider these subordinate means beneath the dignity of an upright man; there are many, it is true, nefarious and unbecoming, but there are many perfectly honourable; yet the lofty dignity, and proud consciousness of superior talents and integrity, frequently prevents men from employing the means, by which alone the gifts of fortune and the enjoyment of ease can be secured.

Yet let not those who have disdained to tread the intricate paths which lead from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to splendour, from neglect to distinction, blame fortune; she sets a price on her favours, and whoever chuses may purchase; if they were unwilling to pay it, it is evident they thought the price too high; they are indigent from choice and not from necessity, and as they have preserved that which they esteemed the most valuable, ought to be contented with the situation in which they have been placed by their own inclinations.

VALVERDI.

Philadelphia, June 7, 1804.

For the Literary Magazine.

THE SPIRIT OF FEMALE CONVERSATION.

A GENTLEMAN who had very early lost his sense of hearing, but not till he had acquired a competent knowledge of reading and writing, and of consequence secured to himself the sure means of intellectual improvement, and even of conversation, has often expressed to me his feelings while sitting in a numerous company, and observing by the motions of the eyes and lips that those, round him were busily engaged in talk. Besides a great deal of regret that he could not share in this lively intercourse of thoughts, he has often been penetrated with wonder and curiosity as to what topic was handling, or what discussion going forward.

I have sometimes gratified this curiosity by conveying the desired information to him by means of the pen; but in almost all cases his former wonder has only been supplanted by new surprize, at the seeming eagerness and interest which the talkers had displayed upon the subject before them. In his eye, these topics were usually so trite and frivolous, that he could not comprehend by what magic they could be made to interest a rational being.

I was lately with him in a company of half a dozen ladies, all of whom had passed the age of dolls and toys, and all of whom were respectable for the good sense and dignity of their characters. My friend sat, as usual, very attentive to the discourse with his eyes, and very inquisitive as to what was passing before him, with so much vivacity and earnestness of gesture and looks; and having a high opinion of the merits and accomplishments of the ladies present, he displayed afterwards a more than usual anxiety to know from me on what subjects five or six ladies had thus spent some talkative and animated hours.

I endeavoured to satisfy his wishes by informing him, that each lady had contrived to throw into the common stock of useful knowledge, the following important particulars: first, what flowers she was most fond of, together with the history of the identical orange tree, rose bush, or the geranium shrub, which was her favourite; including the unlucky tricks or negligences of the bound girl, Sukey, or the black boy, Tom, by which the poor flower had been exposed to many imminent dangers from vernal frosts, frisking kittens, or pilfering beggar women.

Next came a dissertation upon favourite birds, in which the history was given, including the untimely and lamentable death, by luckless falls, mischievous boys, or ruffian cats, of a beautiful goldfinch from Bourdeaux; a mocking-bird, who had by heart as many tunes as Haydn; and a canary, who had escaped a dozen storms on its passage from Holland, and who drew its own water and unlocked its own cupboard. The comparative merit of singing birds was now warmly discussed; and one lady threw in a hint, which was not attended to, about the nightingale, which European poets talk about so much, but which American readers know only by description.

Next came upon the carpet the qualities, and especially the prices of fruit. Each one took this opportunity of telling which she preferred. On this head there was but little difference of sentiment; for though each one had a peculiar degree of liking for raspberries, black-berries, and whortle-berries, for apples, plums, cherries, and hickory nuts, there was an admirable unanimity on the great questions, whether peaches were not better than oranges, and whether strawberries with cream and sugar were not the greatest luxury upon earth. Many ingenious things were now said on the *prices* of these articles, the best time of the day or of the season to purchase them; together with some particular details of extravagance and imposition in venders, and dexterity or credulity in buyers. The transition was easy from this subject to *vegetables*, and each one's liking and antipathies were given in relation to potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, radishes, sallads, &c. &c. Here again, while there was great variety of sentiment on the merits of the above roots, there was a most cordial concurrence, and much eloquent encomium on the transcendant excellence of *young green peas*..... Each one detailed *her* practice in purchasing and eating this delicious product. Some made it a rule never to buy till they were *eleven-pence* the *half-peck*. Some were careful to buy a great quantity at a time, but to buy them seldom, while others bought them in smaller portions, but constantly. Some lived upon them, while in season, altogether; others admitted them proportionally or occasionally; while some were so unfortunate that their health required them, after repeated trials, long delays, and infinite reluctances, to renounce them altogether.

The company now launched out into judicious animadversions upon house-keeping, and all its various departments; of going to market, managing servants, locking up pantries, brushing furniture, and the like. A great number of particulars were detailed on each of these heads; each one having of course a practice and experience in some respect peculiar to herself, and many instructive anecdotes were related, serving to explain the various systems now in use. Much debate took place, as to the preference of male or female servants; young or old; of sending a servant to market, or going ourselves; of the comparative merits of cellar kitchens, and kitchens on the upper floor, with the respective advantages of different habitations; each one giving the history of their own, including the time of taking, the duration of their residence, and the vicissitudes in the rent, and the resolutions formed, with the motives giving rise to them, as to remaining or removing; together with the conduct and inducements of each, as to dividing their time between town and country, and of the feelings either of terror or indifference with which each regarded that periodical pest, the yellow fever.

Hre the lady who had attempted, on a former occasion, though without success, to introduce the nightingale, endeavoured to draw out the yellow fever into some remarks, as to the real influence of that disease, and of pestilence in general, on public prosperity and private happiness; but these abstruse

and insipid topics instantly gave place to eloquent narrations of particular cases of head-ach and tooth-ach; in which, as two men, one of whom at least had ears, were present, great care was taken to steer clear of all feminine and sexual causes of complaint. Had the ladies been alone, no doubt the discussions on this head would have taken a turn much more minutely and personally interesting.

After a while, the conversation coming to a pause, one asked another, who had lately arrived from New York, how she was pleased with that city? There followed upon this hint, very copious and animated displays of the comparative merits of the two cities, to which all present contributed in proportion to their actual or hearsay information. On these interesting points, the variety of opinion was boundless: the battery and its salt airs and sea prospects came in for a large share of encomium, but to which of the two cities, as to its walks and environs, its churches and theatres, the preference was due upon the whole, was a question handled with much ardour. The principal grace urged in favour of New York was its boundless *hospitality*, while poor Philadelphia was but feebly defended from the charge of being egregiously deficient in this virtue, and several instances were recounted greatly to the dishonour of its inhabitants. An enquiry as to which city contained the greatest quantity of female beauty, brought upon the carpet many disquisitions on beauty in general, and particular portraits of ladies, either abounding or deficient in this inestimable commodity.

As beauty is justly supposed to be greatly indebted to ornament and dress, the transition was obvious and easy to the merits and demerits of the reigning fashion, in cutting robes, adjusting hair, and trimming hats, together with a critical review of the style of embellishment peculiar to each lady of their acquaintance, and the cost of *this* article and *that*.

All this variety of matter by no means exhausted the company, for they had still a half hour to bestow very busily, in settling the present state of the whole circle of their friends, male and female, on the subject of love and marriage; all the matches at present impending were counted up, and their degree of forwardness examined; and after a copious detail of unrequited loves and abortive courtships, the visit winded up with "Please give me my hat and my shawl," and "What's your haste? 'tis still very early."

After this account which I gave to my deaf friend, I had much trouble in defending the ladies from the charges which he uncivilly brought against them, of employing the divine faculty of speech upon nothing, or worse than nothing. The ladies, however, must not mistake me; I only mean that I had much trouble to convince *him*; merely to advance unanswerable arguments in their favour, was a very easy task. The importance and dignity of these topics are easily established; while it is impossible to prove that the themes which sometimes occupy the attention of those who call themselves the learned and the wise, are not truly insignificant and worthless.

Of what moment, for example, can it be to any woman in her social or domestic character; what instruction can she possibly derive in performing the incessant and respectable duties of a mother and mistress of a family, and of a member of society, from settling the style of dressing the hair, or furnishing a house, which prevailed three hundred years ago, or a thousand miles off? All the science of Newton, could not be exchanged in market for a pound of butter; a woman had much better know nothing about the population of China, than to be ignorant of the contents of her hen-coop, or her egg-basket. A single gold-finch in one's cage is worth all the

ostriches in Zaara, and all the nightingales in Europe; and she who should suffer her squirrel to perish by neglect, while absorbed in weighing the merits and supplying the defects of the zoological arrangements of Linnæus, would be worthy of something sharper than ridicule. It is of far greater moment to know the current wages of a cook, or the qualifications of a nurse, a laundress, or a butcher, than to be a perfect judge of the merits of Cicero or Cæsar, or to be acquainted with the revenue of the Turkish or British empires. Trenton or New York, she may one day visit, or even make it her permanent abode. Surely then her curiosity is far more natural and judicious respecting the circumstances of that city, than those of Lima or Aleppo. A broken pane in her bed-chamber, or a fit of the tooth-ach, is more justly the object of her attention, because it more immediately and materially affects her own welfare, than the earthquake which swallowed up seven cities seven thousand miles off, or Justinian's plague, which killed half the human race a dozen centuries ago.

Such topics as occurred in the above conversation all relate to the actual condition of the talkers, to subjects which must oftenest occur to, and most nearly affect every human being, which fall under their immediate observation, and as to which every one present has some knowledge and some interest. How little reason, therefore, is there in the arrogant contempt and imagined superiority of those who call themselves the learned; who busy themselves about things which have no relation to their own condition, which happened at distant times or in remote regions, and of which therefore it is impossible to gain any precise or satisfactory knowledge. It is an old though not a trite remark, that the education of women, in most respects, embraces nothing but what is useful to them, and which they can turn to prompt and continual account in their passage through life; while that of men is occupied with solemn trifles and cumbrous pedantry. The most valuable years of our youth are commonly spent in acquiring sciences or languages, incapable of any useful application in our course through the world, and seldom even contributing to our solitary amusement, since they are soon supplanted in the memory by objects to which necessity confines our attention.

ALPHONSO.

POETRY.....ORIGINAL.

For the Literary Magazine.

LINES

BY A YOUNG LADY.

Written at the falls of Passaick, July, 1800.

PRONE to admire the ever-changeful scene,
Which nature opens to the observant eye,
To tread, delighted, the enamell'd green,
And gaze, with rapture, on the starry sky;
To trace the murm'ring stream's retiring shore,
And, stretch'd along its bank, to linger there,
Or, startling, catch the torrent's distant roar,
Or climb where rocks their towering summits rear;

Here 'mid these wilds, we wind our devious way,
And trace each path remote from human ken;
Beneath the shadowy rocks now pensive stray,
Now wander through the deep entangled glen.

Hark! the loud tumult of the water's roar!
Behold yon foaming stream's impetuous tide!
See headlong dash'd upon the rocky shore,
The oak, all shatter'd, once the forest's pride!

Exhaustless flood! no interval is thine;
Each day, each night, still hurrying thro' the vales,
No winter's icy bands thy course confine,
No summer's blaze thy glittering tide exhales.

Ceaseless the thunder of thy tumbling waves——
Here Silence ne'er a residence has found;
Unwearied Echo answers from her caves,
And shakes the hills and hanging cliffs around.

For ages shall these roaring waters glide,
These rocks succeeding ages shall remain;
While a few years shall stop the purple tide,
That now with ardour swells the youthful vein.

Yet rocks the ruthless hand of Time shall feel;
E'en ocean's self, in years, shall roll away:
Eternity on man has stampt the seal
That gives the promise of eternal day.

M.

For the Literary Magazine.

A COPY OF VERSES,

Written by Susannah Wright, on removing from Chester to the banks of Susquehannah, in the year 1726; where she afterwards lived near 60 years.

FROM all the social world estrang'd,
In desert wilds and woods,
Books and engaging friends exchang'd
For pendant rocks and floods;

Nature's uncultivated face
A varying aspect wears;
But every charm and every grace
Are sunk in stronger cares.

Each morning dawn to labour calls,
Through noontide's sultry sun,
And when the dew of ev'ning falls,
The task is but begun.

Lamps (wont to guide calm midnight hours
O'er the amusing page,
Of poetry th' enchanting pow'rs,
The wisdom of the sage)

Now gild the midnight hours of toil,
'Till weary nature fails,
'Till glimmering they have spent their oil,
And balmy sleep prevails;

'Till morning dawn renews the day,
And with the day its care;
So pass the hours of life away
Through the unvarying year.

Ah! how unlike those days of peace
By earlier prospects given!
But hush, my heart, thy murmurs cease,
And take thy lot from heaven.

With spirit act thy painful part,
Subdue thy erring will,
Thy passions regulate, thy heart
Guard from each thought of ill.

Then shall thy waining hours of day,
(If life such hours shall bring)
Pass like a cloudless eve away
To an eternal spring.

Meantime enjoy this season fair,
And every joy that's given;
Shake from thy mind this weight of care,
And bless indulgent heaven.

Behold the trees their leaves resume,
The shrubs and herbage rise,
Unbidden flowers the groves perfume,
And all serene the skies.

Behold the morn and evening sun
The rock and water-fall,
Retract the wrong that thou hast done
To scenes that never pall;

A scene the hand of nature drew
With all surpassing skill,
Keeps through a thousand ages new
Its pristine glories still.

The morning sun revives and warms,
In native splendour bright;
And evening soft, with wonted charms,
Leads on the shades of night.

The moon as pure her beams can shed,
And stars as brightly glow,
As when yon arch of heaven was spread
First o'er this world below.

Behold the morn and evening sun,
The rock and water-fall,
Retract the wrong that thou hast done
To scenes that never pall.

SELECTED.

THE DISCONTENTED RABBIT.

A PETER-PINDARIC FABLE.

A RABBIT who had all his life been pent
Within a hutch, at length grew discontent,
And having nothing else to do,
Amused himself in meditation
On a poor rabbit's luckless situation,
Compared with other animals he knew.

"Alas!" he cried, "how many ills I bear,
"And what a happy dog is yonder hare!
"He roves thro' wood or field contented, free,
"He has no cares or troubles, none at all;
"He can see life, enjoy society,
"And when he pleases give his friends a call.

"For food no human tyrant's aid he needs,
"But as thro' gardens in and out he pops,
"On what best suits his taste he freely feeds—
"On cabbage now, and now on turnip tops;
"Whilst I, with these infernal bars beset,
"Must be content with any thing I get.

"Yet why should I
"Thus tamely bear the loss of liberty,
"Whom nature made as proper to be
"free
"As he?
"It surely never was by nature meant
"That I in this vile prison should be cramm'd.

"I'll not endure it, no, if I consent
"To bear it any longer, I'll be d——d.

"But how shall I escape my keeper's clutch?
"I have it——when he opens next my hutch,
"Instead of tamely sitting like a dolt,
"I'll slily make a spring and out I'll bolt."
The opportunity occurr'd,
And Bunny really kept his word.

And now, from all restraint set free,
He frisk'd about with wond'rous glee,
Till with his exercise he hungry grew,
Then food he sought, and found enough,
But found it very sorry stuff
To what he'd been accustom'd to.
To grumble now however 'twas too late;
So quietly he ate.——

Just so the rake in holy fable,
Who used in style to sit at table,
And on all sorts of danties dine,
Till he turned wicked sinner,
And then was forced to mess with filthy swine,
Or go as he deserved without his dinner.

At last he met the envied hare,
And vaunting told the whole affair
Of his escape, no doubt expecting praise,
And begg'd to know how best to spend his days,
Requesting too his kind advice,
If he again should stand in need of food,
As 'twas most probable he should,
Where he might get a bit of something nice.

Puss shook his head: "The scheme you'll rue,"
Says he, "or I am much mistaken,
"Of having a good home forsaken,
"To try a life of which you nothing knew.
"How could you such a thing design?
"You foolish fellow! how imagine
"That you were suited to engage in
"A state so arduous as mine?

A thousand terrors, guns, hounds, snares,
"Against us hares,
"Are by the human race employ'd,
Which you ne'er learnt the cunning to avoid.

" Besides you are not to be told,
" It soon will grow confounded cold,
" And you can ne'er your tender hide expose
" To frosts and snows.
" Upon my soul I fear you'll feel it much;
" For you must be unseason'd to the blast,
" You who have all your winters past
" Within a nice warm comfortable hutch.

" Then while you may, my counsel take,
" And to your keeper straight go back,
" His pardon humbly to implore,
" And tell him you'll do so no more."

He scarce had ended, when the sudden cry
Of a loud yelping pack
Approaching briskly at his back
Obliged him hastily to fly.

Puss doubtless tipt them all the double,
Or gave at least the curs some trouble,
But finding such an easy prey,
They snapt up Bunny in their way.

A two-fold moral here's convey'd,
That should with double praise be paid.
Imprimis, you are made to learn,
How folks of discontented turn,
Of ev'ry state they have not tried
Can only see the pleasant side.

You next are taught, by Bunny's fate,
Your powers not to over-rate,
He vainly thought himself a hare,
Think yourself only——what you are.

THE CASTLE OF MYSTERY.

EMBOSOM'D within the deep shade of a wood,
Stupendous and gloomy a castle there stood,
All awful and drear to the sight;
The ivy thick cluster'd around its huge wall,
Its dungeons were deep, and its turrets were tall,
And it chill'd all the soul with affright.

Its chambers above scarce admitted a ray,
Its caverns below were unbless'd by the day,
Its ramparts were lofty and strong:
In silence and awe on the forest it frown'd,
The solitude deep that prevail'd all around
Not a bird ever cheer'd with its song.

Yet oft the chance traveller pallid with fear,
Dread sounds from this castle hath tarried to hear,
When midnight hath shaded the wood;
Loud shrieks and mad howlings in dissonance deep,
Amid the long hours of darkness and sleep,
Have frozen the traveller's blood.

Unknown were its tenants, for none had been seen
For many long years who had ventured within,
This mansion of horror to see;
For alas! a sad story of death and dismay
Belongs to this castle, and reader, I pray,
When you hear what it is—tell it me.

SELECTIONS.

CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF MEDICAL PRACTICE AT PARIS, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE ridicule of Le Sage against excessive *blood-letting*, in his account of the medical practice of Dr. Sangrado, may seem to those who witness the present practice in London, to rise to an extravagance that entirely loses sight of the reality. But he who reads the letters of Guy Patin will be of a different mind.

Patin was zealous, to an inconceivable degree, for purging and letting blood, in almost every case of disease; and so were all his contemporaries of the college of physicians at Paris, who were accounted to be regular, not quackish innovating practitioners.

Speaking of Hoffmann, a German physician, whom, in many respects, he highly admired, Patin adds, in a tone of commiseration, "The honest man, however, knows not much of the use of bleeding".....*Le bonne homme ne connoit pas grande chose a la saignee.* He complains elsewhere, that the greatest abuses of medicine, in the innovating practice of some of his contemporaries, arose from the *neglect of blood-letting*, and the use of certain pharmaceutical nostrums, which were recommended in the works of Arabian physicians. In intermittent fevers, Patin, as himself relates, taught, that there was nothing so useful as very copious bleeding. The first president of the parliament of Paris, Lamoignon, then an old man, and a great patron of literature, had been ill. His physician, M. Guenaut, after treating him with many bleedings, put him, at length, on a course of purging: the good man became daily worse; they returned to bleeding; and Patin complains bitterly of Guenaut for not emptying the president's veins more entirely at the first. A. M. Courteis, one of Patin's friends, had been ill: Patin boasts of having cured him, *moyennant dix-huit saignees, & vingt purgations.* He was heartily sincere in favour of blood-letting; for, after passing a sleepless night under the pain of the tooth-ach, the first thing he did in the morning was to have himself bled for it in both arms. He tells elsewhere of a bookseller of the name of Rocolet: "I was thirty years his physician; I made him lose, in that time, a great deal of blood, and yet, to my surprize, he is now dead." Mrs. Patin, in her old age, was taken ill of a fever; twelve bleedings, however, prescribed by her husband, restored her to health; upon which honest Dr. Guy exclaims, with Joachim de Bellay, "*O bonne, O sainte, O divine saignee!*" He relates, that he had ordered bleeding, with good success, for children who were not more than three days old. The ministers were carefully bled for the good of the state. "M. Colbert was bled yesterday," writes Patin to his correspondent, on the 6th of March, 1663: "M. Le Tellier is ill of a fever, for which he has been already bled four times." The famous Vanderlinden died at Leyden, at the age of 53, of a defluxion on his lungs, for which he would not allow himself to be bled, but took some doses of antimony. "What a pity!" exclaims Patin, "to compose so many books, to have so much Greek and Latin at his fingers' ends, and, after all, to die of a fever and catarrh....*sans se faire saigner.* I am much better off with my ignorance, and now and then a bleeding. But for bleeding I should have died like him, three years since. I would rather cast my blood upon the dunghill, than commit my body to the grave. Such are the deaths of fools and chemists!"

After a due course of blood-letting, if the patient still survived, he was put, according to the rules of the college, upon a course of as violent purgation with senna; and, if the strength of his constitution was such as to triumph also over this mode of attack, he was then suffered to escape into the country, and to recruit upon ass's milk. There were few diseases in which, on one pretence or another, this method of practice was not more or less followed. Where it failed of success, its authors loudly boasted, that they acted upon the authority of Galen; and affirmed, that the failures were only because all human means were, in those unfortunate cases, vain to save.

On the other hand, there were not wanting innovators, who derided Patin and the other physicians of the old school, as merely *medicines de Grec et de Latin;* and who boldly promised to work wonders in the

art of healing, by means of new certain specifics.

Bezoar was one of these specifics, which Patin boldly stigmatized as a vain *idolum fatuorum.*

Another of these new specifics was *tea*, which began, about the year 1748, to be much celebrated at Paris. Chancellor Seguier brought it first into reputation. Theses were written in its praise. And it was, in particular, said to produce effects pleasingly exhilarating and invigorating on the powers of the mind. But Patin, and all the physicians of the old school, indignantly scorned the pretence. A Dr. Morisset, of the college, was the author of a thesis in favour of this *impertinent novelty of the age*, as Patin calls it, against which almost the whole college rose in arms. Some doctors committed the copies which were sent them of it to the flames, others put it aside, as *charta ad spurcos usus reservanda.*

Antimony was a remedy much more prevalent, though not less odious to Patin and his friends of the school of Galen. Guenaut, one of the court physicians, often prescribed it; and whenever a patient who had taken of it happened to die, Patin, and the other adversaries of this remedy, if the incident came to their ears, failed not to cry out, that the antimony had killed them. It was often given in the form of *emetic wine;* and no opportunity was missed by the physicians who disliked it, of stigmatizing this wine as absolutely a poison.

Quinquina, or *jesuit's bark*, had begun to be administered as a remedy in tertian and quartan fevers. The famous Fouquet, in the beginning of his imprisonment, had occasion to take quinquina, but was, Patin says, little the better for it. It was denied by the followers of Galen to be capable of doing any good, except after a good course of bleeding and purging. Patin thought that it tended to bring on the dropsy.

Mercury was likewise a favourite prescription with some. It had been ordered by a physician of Patin's acquaintance, for a complaint in the lungs. *Tous les fous ne sont pas dans les petites-maisons*, was Patin's remark upon this occasion.

Powder of pearl was often prescribed, to the great indignation of Patin, by some of his brethren, whom he accuses as less the friends of their patients than of the apothecaries.

Opium was another of the new medicines greatly abhorred by the physicians of the good old school, and branded as a freqnent cause of deaths.

The queen mother, Anne of Austria, was afflicted, in her last illness, with a cancer in her left breast. Many quacks offered their assistance for her cure, but all was in vain. Patin, on that occasion, mentions hemlock, as a remedy in use for cancers.

There were constant wars between the physicians and the apothecaries. They often sued one another in the courts of law, on account of their professional quarrels. Patin, hearing that an apothecary of the name of Moze had spoken respectfully of his character, expressed great surprize to hear so much as that he had a friend in that craft; "For," said he, "I have done no thing to deserve their good will. I never prescribed bezoar nor cordial waters, mithridate nor theriaca, nor confection of hyacinth, nor alkermes, nor viper-powder, nor emetic-wine, nor pearls, nor precious stones, and such like Arabian fooleries. The medicines I prescribe are neither rare nor dear."

HAIR CHANGED THROUGH FRIGHT.

IT is related of a boy, in one of the rudest parts of the county of Clare, in Ireland, that, in order to destroy some eaglets lodged in a hole 100 feet from the summit of a rock which rose 400 feet perpendicular from the sea, he caused him-

self to be suspended by a rope, with a scimitar in his hand for his defence, should he meet with an attack from the old ones; which precaution was found necessary, for no sooner had his companions lowered him to the nest, than one of the old eagles made at him with great fury, at which he struck, but, unfortunately missing his aim, nearly cut through the rope that supported him. Describing his horrible situation to his comrades, they cautiously, and safely, drew him up; when it was found that his hair, which a quarter of an hour before was a dark auburn, was changed to grey. Another instance is given in a selection of anecdotes, &c. by L. J. Rede, under the article *Affright;* and a similar account is reported of the late unfortunate queen of France, during her first night of arrest and imprisonment; but as circumstances of this nature have been heard of by almost every one, it would only be wasting time to notice more.

It is well known that grief, fear, surprize, rage, &c. when violent, affect the hair; but whence that partial change of colour, and in the two first instances only, for I never heard that surprize or rage ever caused it, is what I cannot at present account for. Until I am more convinced of the truth of this, I shall think it wrong to conclude, that premature grey hairs are an indication of their possessors being either more susceptible of those passions, or that they have unfortunately experienced more circumstances that give rise to them, than any other persons.

THE KNIGHTS OF THEBES AND TROY.

THE origin of those wild and fantastic fables, which we meet with in the romances of the middle ages, concerning the knights of Thebes and Troy, may be traced to the following circumstances. About the middle of the thirteenth century, the writings of Dictys of Crete, and of Dares the Phrygian, came to be known in Europe; but the knowledge which they imparted of the fables of ancient times was imperfect and confused, as their works were preserved only in that mutilated condition in which they had escaped the ravages of time. They wanted, besides, that romantic varnish, which was requisite to make them acceptable in the age of chivalry. To supply these defects, Guido di Colonna, a learned civilian and eminent poet of his time, undertook, about the year 1216, to interweave with the ancient legends, the romantic manners of the middle ages, tournaments, single combats, and adventures of knight-errantry. The favourable reception which the world bestowed on this amplification of the Trojan stories, induced the author to compose a romance in prose, concerning the Trojan war, in the Latin tongue. In this work, he also introduced the siege of Thebes, and the expedition of the Argonauts from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. With a view to embellish the feats of his hero by imaginary adventures, the author mingles together all manner of ornaments and fables, old and new, Grecian and Arabian, Asiatic and European. His heroes are well acquainted with alchemy and astrology, deeply versed in sorcery and exorcism, and frequently engaged with dragons and griffins. This book of truly wonderful adventures was translated into the new languages of the several countries; into Italian, German, French, and the Scandinavian languages of the north, and by this means it soon came into universal circulation. The great families of Europe were so captivated with the Grecian heroes, that they all wished to derive their origin from them: and the monks, to give proofs of their classical knowledge, vied with each other in tracing out some shoot of the Greek and Roman names, by which the noble families of modern times might assert their connection with the Trojan

heroes. This mixture of ancient and modern fables and manners produced the most wild confusion in the brains of the knights-errant..... They talked of Alexander the great as a second Charlemagne, and surrounded him with twelve renowned peers. Theseus, Jason, and Hercules were made to sit down with Arthur at his round table. The Greek heroes broke a lance with the far-famed knights of the middle ages, entering the lists according to the most approved usages of chivalry; and Charlemagne was made to undertake the hazardous enterprize of again piloting the ship Argo to Colchis.

A PICTURE OF LONDON.

Continued from page 158.

FROM the theatres the mind naturally turns to those exhibitions in which the painter and the sculptor display their rival excellence. They, also, are the delineators of men and of manners. They give the features, the *costume*, the scenery, of different nations. They represent the actions of great men, the victories of the brave, the harmonies of domestic life, and the fascinations of personal beauty, with an effect at once pleasing and powerful. The portraits of sir Joshua Reynolds, who presented not only the form, the feature, but the mind, on his magically breathing canvas, will live with those of Vandyke and Ruebens; while the landscapes of Gainsborough, Loutherbourg, Turner, and sir George Beaumont, may, without peril by comparison, embellish the same gallery with those of Claude de Lorraine and Carlo Maratti.

A public exhibition is one of the most fostering spheres for the expansion of genius. But, in the world of painting as well as of letters, prejudice and partiality should be divested of its poisons, lest they, in time, contaminate and blast the very root of genius. We have seen pictures of peculiar excellence placed in so *unfavourable a light*, that they have not only lost their effect, but have even been precluded from observation; while the coarse daubings of more *powerful artists* have glared through the broad sign-posts of arrogance and folly. Yet among the ornaments of the art we have to boast a Northcote, a Westall, a Lawrence, a Fuseli, and a Porter. The last mentioned artist is now rising rapidly on the horizon of genius; and it is honourable to the taste and cultivation of the age we live in, that a young man under twenty-two years of age has produced a picture, which is an ornament to the art, and a splendid proof of a bold and capacious imagination*.

The travels of Mr. Flaxman have cultivated a taste, pure and expansive. His casts, after the antique, are executed with an effect and precision which will embellish our public buildings and our private galleries for centuries to come. It is greatly to be lamented that this majestic art has hitherto been little cultivated in Britain. Statues, busts, and vases, which almost universally embellish the public edifices, and the private habitations of the nobility, and even of the middling classes, in Italy, are seldom seen in the halls or galleries of English houses..... There are, indeed, collections of the very first order in the possession of individuals in this country. Wilton, the seat of the earl of Pembroke; Stourhead, the princely palace of sir Richard Hoare; and Mr. Townley, of Park-street, Westminster, have many exquisite and valuable *antique* samples of the sculptor's art: but, whether from the fastidious delicacy of false taste, or the force of habit, is yet to be decided, we seldom see this wonder-moving power of giving the human form with all its grace and symmetry encouraged, or even approved, by the mass of organized society. Why cannot the British

* The Storming of Seringapatam, now exhibiting at the Lyceum.

sculptor exercise that divine spirit of emulation which immortalized the Grecian art? Why does not a Flaxman, by an original master-piece, dispute the wreath of fame with the most celebrated sculptors of antiquity? To the labours and the taste of Mr. Flaxman, however, the public will ever be indebted; his exertions promise to awaken that taste for the art in which he excels, which has not only been dormant, but scarcely ever been cherished into vigour, in this country.

The best public specimens of modern sculpture are those which embellish the gothic aisles of Westminster Abbey. Yet even there they are so crowded together, so mingled with awkward, uncouth, and heavy designs, ill executed and ill arranged, that more than half their beauty is lost in the chaos of inconsistency; and it is a disgrace to the sculptor's art, as well as to the finest monument of gothic architecture, that Westminster Abbey exhibits, even in these enlightened days, a *wax-work* puppet-show of kings and queens, which would disgrace the booth of an itinerant mountebank.

Sculpture might be exhibited to the greatest advantage in the sublime temple of St. Paul: a building which, though of more diminutive construction than the far-famed St. Peter's at Rome, is infinitely more beautiful in the *minutiæ* of its external decorations. This splendid building would display monumental trophies with considerable effect, provided they were tastefully and judiciously disposed. Our squares exhibit statues, but they are not of the first order. One, indeed, presents a gilded horse and its rider, which conveys the idea of a gingerbread composition; while another has a stagnant bason, which in winter is frozen over, and in summer sends forth its putrid effluvia to poison and contaminate the air of the metropolis. These deformities, however, are beautifully contrasted by the plantations of Grosvenor, Portman, Fitzroy, Leicester, Finsbury, and Soho squares; and it is to be hoped that every open space of ground in this great city, will, in the course of a few years, afford its inhabitants this species of summer *promenade*.

Though the inhabitants of the metropolis of England have not that ardent taste for public entertainments which has long characterized the French nation, still we see our *spectacles* well attended by nearly all ranks of persons; and even the lowest orders of society enjoy the humorous scenes of Sadler's Wells, the wonderful horsemanship of Astley, and the pantomimic pageants of similar theatres, though the dearness of provisions, and the augmentation of taxes, afford incessant sources for gloomy and painful rumination in the retirement of the chamber.

The public promenades, particularly on the sabbath, are thronged with pedestrians of all classes, and the different ranks of people are scarcely distinguishable either by their dress or their manners. The duchess, and her *femme de chambre*, are dressed exactly alike: the nobleman and his groom are equally ambitious of displaying the neat boot, the cropped head, and the external decorations, as well as the quaint language, of the stable-boy. The dapper milliner, and the sauntering female of slender reputation, imitate the woman of fashion, in the choice of their clothes, and the tenour of their conversation; while all ranks of females display a lightness of drapery, which would completely characterise the dimensions of a Grecian statue.

Among the crowds of feminine *nothings*, if I may be allowed to use the expression, we behold some of the sex who are an honour to genius, and to human nature. The women of England have, by their literary labours, reached an altitude of mental excellence, far above those of any other nation. The works, which every year have been published by females, do credit to the very high-

est walks of literature: to enumerate names, will be unnecessary; their productions will be their passports to immortality! We have also sculptors, modellers, paintresses, and female artists of every description. Mrs. Damer, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Cosway, and Miss Linwood, have produced specimens of art that will be long admired and cherished as ornaments to the country.

It cannot be a matter of astonishment, that few examples of genius have been known to burst forth in the splendid sphere of courtly life. The hours which are now appropriated to pleasure and to repose, are so hostile to reflection, and so contradictory to nature, that nothing but vapid amusement, or apathy springing from satiety, can be expected from our women of exalted birth; yet the names of the duchess of Devonshire, ladies Spencer, Lucan, Besborough, and a few others, are striking examples of fine taste, and finished execution in the magical graces, both of the pen and of the pencil.

The *gusto* for foreign dramas, foreign music, and foreign cookery, has also been displayed, of late years, in the buildings of the metropolis. I will not pretend to decide, whether or not this climate is congenial to the change; but, unquestionably, the modern style of architecture has considerably beautified the cities and towns of Great Britain. With this taste in houses, the household establishments have also undergone a metamorphosis; and foreign servants now hold the highest stations in the domestic department of our most distinguished families. French servants are at this moment employed even by the loftiest of our nobility; and the fairest dames of courtly distinction cannot fancy themselves well drest, unless they employ a French milliner, and a French *femme de chambre.*

The *bouleversement* of every thing in the polite world is in nothing more *outre* than in the disposal of time. The early meals of our ancestors were conducive to that hardihood, which is rarely met with in the feminized race of modern nobility. Those who have been most brilliantly distinguished, since the middle of the last century, have been reared either in the school of arms, or on the wild bosom of the ocean. They have not been the sickly plants of a fashionable hot-bed, where indolence begets vice, and vice becomes the parent of lassitude, apathy, disease, and death. The breakfast at sun-rise, the noon-tide repast, and the twilight pillow of repose, which marked the days of queen Elizabeth, are now exchanged for the evening breakfast, and the midnight dinner; while the dawn is ushered in with a supper, and the morning hours wasted in enervating slumbers. Even the cheek of beauty fades, prematurely, by the taper light of the sun-excluding ball-room; and the public markets are monopolized, or, at least, gleaned, of the most rare and unseasonable provisions, while the sons and daughters of genius and of labour are starving in the obscure abodes of industry or sorrow.

Among the nuisances which not only disgrace, but contaminate the air of the metropolis, there are none so much in need of reformation as the practice of driving and killing cattle. Slaughtering-houses never should be permitted in a great and populous city. The barbarity which is daily practised in the streets of London, cannot fail to shock humanity; while the foot-passengers are exposed to the most imminent peril, by the conduct of the butchers' boys, drovers, &c. On those days when the beast-market is held in Smithfield, it is dangerous to walk the streets in any part of the metropolis; but particularly in the avenues which lead to the different markets. We read of the sacrifices of ancient times with a mixture of horror and pity; yet we behold in this country, which boasts its humanity and its police, more cruelty exercised towards the brute creation, than was ever exhibited, or tolerated, in the

ages of acknowledged barbarism! This instance appears the more extraordinary, when we reflect that the English are not by nature a sanguinary people: assassinations are less common in this, than in every other country; duelling is frequently avoided by the hardy courage of the pugilist; and even at times of public commotion, it has been proved by experience that an English populace is always more inclined to plunder than to massacre.

London has to boast, among its numerous advantages, that of possessing the most transcendent professional talents. We have perhaps some of the first medical men in the universe; and, while the valetudinarian sighs for the loss of a Fothergil, and a Warren, he still looks with confidence to the learning, judgment, and humanity of a Vaughan, a Blane, a Fordyce, and a Reynolds; while the different branches of the profession are skilfully practised by Rush, Carlisle, Knight, Hawkins, and many others, whose reputation has been established by long practice, extensive knowledge, and labours, beneficial to their fellow-creatures.

The inhabitants of this country have acquired a taste for music, which I believe was uncultivated by our forefathers. The Italian opera, in its early establishment, was considered as a pernicious species of exotic, only transplanted on a British soil to effeminize the public taste. But the gradual power it has evinced, has proved that harmony can exterminate the most rooted prejudices; for a box at an Italian opera house, at this period, is rented at the rate of two hundred pounds per annum! and, such is the avidity with which they are secured, that the list is filled, before the manager has time to make his yearly enlargements for the accommodation of the nobility! It may appear somewhat enigmatical, that enormous sums are lavished on foreign singers, and foreign musicians, while this island has the proud boast of having produced a Billington, a Busby, a Shield, a Storace*, a Jackson, and many others, well known in the highest circles of the harmonic science.

London has innumerable hospitals for all species of maladies. They are handsome regular buildings, and conveniently arranged, aired, and cleaned, for the advantage of the patients. Yet it is a melancholy truth, that while the opera subscription annually overflows, while two hundred pounds, and upwards, are paid for small boxes to hear an Italian singer, or to see a French dancer, the voluntary contributions to public charities are almost diminished into nothing. This fact is well known, and is no less incontrovertible, than it is degrading to the humanity of the country.

The custom which prevails, in many hospitals, of anatomizing the dead bodies, cannot fail to prove extremely injurious to the repose of the living. A patient, who finds himself dangerously ill, cannot be supposed to derive much advantage either from medicine or attention, whilst his mind is impressed with an idea that his corpse will be exposed to experimental practices. There is one hospital, not far from Hyde Park corner, from which those bodies which are quietly consigned to the earth, are interred at the end of a nursery-ground; the coffins laid, thinly covered, one over the other, and so careslessly enclosed that the common rules of decency are scarcely observed.

The vice of GAMING seems to have reached its climax at the fashionable end of the metropolis: and though the magistrates have endeavoured to check its progress among the subordinate ranks of society, is still not only winked at, but tolerated, in the higher circles. The petty gambler, who opens his shop of iniquity with the puny traffic of silver, is without mercy punished, and held up as an example of depraved manners; while the nobles

* Stephen Storace, born in Devonshire.

hold their public clubs, gamble for thousands, out-face the magistrates, and defy the laws, with boldness and impunity! It is at the gaming-tables of the exalted, that our legislators, our nobility, our generals, and our country gentlemen practise those very vices which the needy and the private individual is punished for attempting. It is at those ennobled midnight scenes of folly and rapacity, that the DEMON of SUICIDE anticipates his triumphs over the weakness, avarice, and false pride of mortals. The effects of those scenes have recently presented HORRORS and DEATH! yet the magistrates are passive, and the laws tardy in the occupation of administering justice; and it is with sorrow that the moralist and philanthropist have traced the progress of this pernicious propensity even to the private assemblies of the most elegant WOMEN; while the ruined husband and the thoughtless wife, have, by dissipating their children's patrimony, exposed the females to the miseries of seduction, and set an example to the males, which has undermined both the wealth and the honour of the family. Indeed to this fatal employment may be attributed the many domestic exposures which have taken place within the last twenty years. Men now devote their hours to clubs, to gaming-tables, to tennis-courts, and to cricket-grounds..... Wives are left to roam, or permitted to hold their midnight orgies, with the most dissipated of their own as well as of the other sex..... Play involves them in debts of honour, which the *sacrifice of honour* too frequently discharges: and, it is an absolute fact, that even the family jewels and the family plate have been disposed of to supply the FARO BANK of one of those infamous scenes of profligate debasement; while the husband has been the passive spectator, and the daughters employed at places of public entertainment, as decoys to ensnare the young, the wealthy, and the unwary!

To be continued.

MENTAL OCCUPATION NOT HURTFUL TO THE BODY.

IN the memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, an opinion is inculcated, which I conceive to be a very dangerous error; and as the opinion is not peculiar to her, but is almost universal in its influence, I believe that he who shall demonstrate it to be an error will perform a work of most extensive utility, by removing a powerful barrier to intellectual improvement and the increase of human happiness. It seems to have been Mrs. Robinson's opinion, *that mental exertion is not only certainly destructive to health, but even more destructive than any other species of exertion.* She says, "Alas! how little did I then know either the fatigue or the hazard of mental occupations! How little did I foresee that the day would come, when my health would be impaired, my thoughts perpetually employed in *so destructive a pursuit!* At the moment that I write this page, I feel, in every fibre of my brain, the fatal conviction that *it is a destroying labour!*" On contemplating the history of Mrs. Robinson's life, it will be found, that there were causes, independent of her literary pursuits, more than sufficient to produce those feelings, which led her to conceive that "mental occupation is a destroying labour;" and it may be proper to point out those causes before I proceed to prove, that intellectual exertion can only injure the body, by producing inattention to its wants, an evil which may always be prevented by the knowledge, that such a danger exists. At an early age she became the child of misfortune. Before she could herself discriminate, she was sacrificed to a man who was incapable of appreciating the treasure in his possession, who, soon tired of it, fled to novelty to pamper his depraved appetite, and repaid her affection with heart-wounding neglect and brutal profligacy. Thus she was cut off from the enjoyment of

those delightful sympathies for which she seems to have been so exquisitely fitted; and all her hopes of domestic happiness were nipped in the bud; besides, her husband's follies caused a series of distresses that would have corroded the springs of a constitution originally stronger than her's. These, with succeeding misfortunes, the consequences of her first, produced a rooted melancholy, which appears to have grown with her years; and that melancholy is not friendly to health-few will deny, although it is little known how far it is productive of that effect: it will probably be found, that the nameless anxieties and sorrows, more or less the necessary attendants on every member of society, are powerful assistants to physiological ignorance in terminating the ephemeral existence of man. It appears also, that she led an "*uniform and sedentary life*," and while at Brighthelmstone, "*she passed whole nights at her window*, in deep meditation, contrasting with her present situation the scenes of her former life." The quantity of laudanum which she appears to have been in the habit of taking, for the purpose of alleviating pain, must not be forgotten; and these combined causes were surely sufficient to induce that state of debility which she attributes to mental exertion alone. It is known to physiologists, that mental occupations cannot permanently impair the vigour of the body. By the exertion of any of the organs of sense, proportional fatigue of that organ is induced by the temporary waste of the *sensorial power* or *excitability*; but these effects are removed by rest; during which state the excitability is re-accumulated: and the frequent use of the intellectual powers, by increasing the number of ideas, and multiplying their combinations, renders every succeeding exertion less an effort, and consequently less fatiguing. But, independent of a theory which I believe cannot be disproved, I can produce a living proof of the truth of my position, which will probably be considered to be more conclusive than any reasoning from principles, of which the mass of mankind are yet totally ignorant, although an acquaintance with the laws that govern his existence, even as far as they are already known, must be of the highest importance to man. The proof, at which I have hinted, is the venerable poet and philosopher. Dr. Darwin, who, after having produced three extensive works, one of which alone, Zoonomia, was the fruit of *twenty* years' labour,* is still in a green old age, and enjoys, or did lately enjoy, a degree of health equal to that of most men in the prime of life, with a mind as fit as ever to penetrate the veil which nature is said to have thrown over the most sublime of her operations, or add to the pleasures of taste, by the beautiful flights of his enchanting muse! In addition to this, it is recorded of Waller, the poet, that, to the age of *eighty-two*, when he died, "his intellectual powers continued vigorous, and that the lines which he composed, when he *for age could neither read nor write*, are not inferior to the effusions of his youth."† It must be remembered, that Waller, like Dr. Darwin, *drank water*. Other examples might be adduced to corroborate these, but Dr. Darwin from his comparative old age, furnishes the most striking instance on record of *great mental exertion* not being injurious to health, but, on the contrary, productive of the most happy consequences to himself, his cotemporaries, and posterity. One example more, however, will give additional weight to the proofs already brought forward.

It does not appear, that the unceasing labour of doctor Beddoes, to develope the laws of living nature, and excite mankind to attend to these laws, have impaired his corporeal vigour; on the contrary,

* Written before his death.

† Johnson's "Lives of the most eminent English Poets."

by increasing his knowledge of the agents that act to the destruction or preservation of health and life, have they not given him assurance of enjoying an unusual prolongation of existence?

It is needless to multiply examples. From the facts which have been adduced I think it may be fairly concluded, that *intellectual exertion can never be injurious to the body:* and it will be found, that *in all those cases where the health has been conceived to be impaired by intellectual pursuits, the cause has been inattention to the wants of the body, the principal of which are exercise, rest, and food, at proper times and in proper quantities.*

The observation, that persons eminent for their intellectual acquirements have been usually, more than others, subjected to the ravages of lingering and fatal diseases, is undoubtedly too well founded.

It is a truth, infinitely to be regretted, if regret would remedy the evil, that many of the greatest ornaments of mankind have been cut off from society by a premature death, and the benefits which posterity might have derived from their after-exertions for ever lost; but the cause is obvious: the laws of nature cannot be violated with impunity, whether by inattention to the necessaries of life, or the direct application of noxious agents; and as long as mankind neglect the cultivation of *the art of living*, so long will they continue to be the victims of their ignorance.

WHETHER VIRTUE AND TALENTS ARE HEREDITARY.

HOMER appears to have had this natural proclivity in his mind in the following passage of the Odyssey:....

> From the great sire transmissive to the race,
> The boon devolving gives distinguished grace.

The opinion of the Pythygoreans is expressed on the subject. In a fragment quoted by Stoebus we find the ensuing observations:....

"Those who breed any other kind of living creatures use their utmost endeavours to produce a generous race, but men beget their offspring negligently, and without care; this is the chief and most manifest cause that so many men are so evil and wicked."

The doctrines of the Stoics and Platonists were also highly favourable to this virtuous procreation..... "Well" begotten (ευγενια) with the former, denoted the possession of every virtue; and the reader has only to consult Porphyrius de Abstinentia, to be convinced how intimately, according to the opinion of the latter, virtue is connected with the peculiar habits of the body.

Were authority allowed to decide this question, in addition to the above, we might call to our aid that of Aristotle, Horace, Valerius, Maximus, and many others: but laying these aside, we will endeavour to establish the point by the more certain test of reason and experience. If virtue be hereditary, the children of virtuous parents must unavoidably partake of it accordingly. Do not we find this to be very generally the case? what placidity of temper and congeniality of disposition, do we discover in every member of a virtuous family! Vice and infamy are banished from its dwelling. Who ever heard of sons of the upright and industrious descending to commit even the peccadilloes that stain the characters of the more mixed race? Such a circumstance would excite as much surprize as the discovery of honesty in a Jew, or violence of passion in a quaker.

It has been the fashionable doctrine of the present day, that man comes into the world a mere *charte blanche;* that he is indebted for every thing to his impressions and education. How weak and ill founded is such an idea! Could we search the annals of Newgate, I have no doubt but we should find the halter to be as regularly transmitted from

the father to the son as the crown can be in the best established monarchy in Europe. That the anterior stamp of nature is much more deep and important than any posterior one can be, is proved by the frequent ill success of education; and I have no doubt that if the son of the most virtuous character were educated in the company of the most abandoned, and *vice versa*, the original impression in either instance would be too strong to be at all obliterated.

In order to prove that qualities are not hereditary, the instances of the sons of Alcibiades, Pericles, Socrates, Brutus, Scipio, Cicero, Germanicus, Antoninus, Oliver Cromwell, and many others, will, perhaps, be quoted. We shall, perhaps, be informed, that hardly an assize is holden in which the son of some poor but honest parents does not undergo the sentence of the law; that it is hardly possible to find, in any family, two of the same dispositions and pursuits; and lastly, if qualities are hereditary, where is the progeny of those virtuous and independent characters that have shone so conspicuously for wisdom and patriotism in every period of the English history?

But to these trifling objections may it not be fairly urged:.....1. There is a great difficulty, especially in the present day, in ascertaining who are the genuine offspring of a family....2. It often happens that the virtues of a husband may be marred by vices of the wife, and contrariwise.....3. That some characters are, by turns, both virtuous and vicious, which may account, in some degree, for the difference observable in their progeny; and....4. Though there are some who might merit the appellation of virtuous, yet their virtue has not acquired sufficient permanency to be in them certainly *congenite*.

If, after all, there should be a few points to which it is impossible to give an answer entirely satisfactory, ought this circumstance to overthrow a system so important in its nature and consequences? Who is there so cold-blooded as not to rejoice at the discovery, that health and virtue may with equal certainty be propagated to posterity! And how ought every new-married couple to cogitate on this most pregnant subject! This doctrine once established, how will the son execrate the memory of his vicious ancestry, who have deprived him, for ever, of the power of becoming virtuous! and how will the certain knowledge, that the iniquity of the father descends to the third and fourth generation, induce him to cease from the propagation of the race of such pestilent beings as himself!

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CHAPONE.

So may some gentle muse,
With lucky words favour my destined urn;
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

MRS. CHAPONE, who died at Hadley, in Middlesex, December the 25th, 1801, in her 75th year, has long been known to the public, as an elegant and highly moral writer. The first productions of hers, which were given to the world, were, the interesting story of *Fidelia*, in the *Adventurer;* and a poem, prefixed to her friend Mrs. Carter's translation of *Epictetus;* but her name only became known on the publication of a deservedly popular work, *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, addressed to a Young Lady.* This was printed in 1773, and will long, it is to be hoped, maintain its place in the library of young women. It is distinguished by sound sense, a liberal, as well as a warm, spirit of piety, and a philosophy applied to its best use, the culture of the heart and affections. It has no shining eccentricities of thought, no peculiarities of system; it follows experience as its guide, and is content to produce effects of acknowledged utility, by known and approved means. On these accounts,

it is perhaps the most unexceptionable treatise, that can be put into the hands of female youth. These letters are particularly excellent, in what relates to regulating the temper and feelings. Their style is pure and unaffected, and the manner grave and impressive. Those who choose to compare them in this respect with another widely circulated publication, addressed, about the same time, to young women, (Dr. Fordyce's Sermons) will probably be of opinion, that the dignified simplicity of the female writer is much more consonant to true taste, than the affected prettinesses and constant glitter of the preacher. Mrs. Chapone soon after published a volume of miscellanies, containing one or two moral essays, and some elegant poems. The poems, which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts, and some original images, seem not to have been sufficiently appreciated by the public; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication. It was not then so common as it has been since, to mix new matter with old.

Mrs. Chapone's maiden name was Mulso; her family was a respectable one, in Northamptonshire. Her married life was short, and not very happy. She probably alluded to her own nuptial choice, when she speaks in one of her poems of

Prudence slow, that ever comes too late.

When left a widow, her very limited circumstances prevented her not from enjoying a large acquaintance among the first circles of society, who admired her for her talents, and respected her for her virtues.

She understood and relished conversation. Her discourse was seasoned occasionally with a vein of humour; and having the advantage, for it is an advantage, of associating in early life with the best company, the ease and polish of the gentlewoman accompanied the talents of the writer. Her person was plain: but in her youth she had a fine voice, and always had a strong taste for music. Mrs. Chapone was one of those women who have shown that it is possible to attain a correct and elegant style, without an acquaintance with the classics. The French and Italian she understood; and from the latter she made some translations. Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague, and another lady, who stands confessedly at the summit of female literature, and upon a par with the most distinguished scholars of the other sex, were friends and intimates: the two former have left the stage; but their venerable senior still survives to receive the homage of another century. Mrs. Chapone had been declining in health for many years. The loss of a beloved niece, the lady to whom the letters were addressed, and of a more beloved brother, to whom she was united in affection and similarity of taste, hastened the infirmities of age; and for some time before her death, she was laid aside from society. It is not unusual for those, who in some period of their lives have filled a certain space in the eye of the public, if they have been sometime withdrawn from it, to glide silently out of life unnoticed, except by the attendants at their bedside; so was it with Mrs. Chapone. But if there are those of her sex, now happy wives and mothers, who have in any measure been formed to those characters by the early impressions they may have received from her writings, they will drop a grateful tear to the memory of their benefactor, and rank her among those who, in the French phrase, "have deserved well of their country."

WISDOM OF THE ELEPHANT.

A SOLDIER at Pondicherry was accustomed to give a certain quantity of arrack to one of these animals, every time he got his pay; and having one day intoxicated him-

self, and being pursued by the guard, who wanted to put him in prison, he took refuge under the elephant, and there fell fast asleep. The guard in vain attempted to drag him from this asylum, for the elephant defended him with its trunk. Next day the soldier, having recovered from his intoxication, was in dreadful apprehensions when he found himself under the belly of this enormous animal. The elephant, which unquestionably perceived his terror, relieved his fears by immediately caressing him with its trunk.

An incident to which M. le baron de Lawriston was a witness, during one of the late wars in the east, forms another trait of the sensibility of the elephant. This gentleman, from his zeal, and some other circumstance, was induced to go to Laknaor, the capital of the Soubah, or viceroyalty of that name, at a time when an epidemic distemper was making the greatest ravages amongst the inhabitants. The principal road to the palace gate was covered with the sick and dying, extended on the ground at the very moment when the nabob absolutely must pass. It appeared impossible for his elephant to do otherwise than tread upon and crush many of these poor wretches in his passage, unless the press would stop till the way would be cleared; but he was in haste, and such tenderness would be unbecoming in a personage of his importance. The elephant, however, without appearing to slacken his pace, and without having received any command for that purpose, assisted them with his trunk, removed some, set others on their feet, and stepped over the rest, with so much address and assiduity, that not one person was wounded. An Asiatic prince and his slaves were deaf to the cries of nature, while the heart of the beast relented; he, more worthy than his rider to elevate his front towards the heavens, heard and obeyed the gentle impulse.

The following instance of the sagacity of these animals, was mentioned to Dr. Darwin by some gentlemen of distinct observation, and undoubted veracity, who had been much conversant with our eastern settlements. The elephants that are used to carry the baggage of our armies, are put each under the care of one of the natives of Indostan, and while this person and his wife go into the woods to collect leaves and branches of trees for his food, they fix him to the ground by a length of chain, and frequently leave a child, yet unable to walk, under his protection: and the intelligent animal not only defends it, but, as it creeps about, when it arrives near the extremity of his chain, he wraps his trunk gently round its body, and brings it again into the centre of his circle.

During one of the wars in India, many Frenchmen had an opportunity of observing one of the elephants that had received a flesh-wound from a cannon-ball: after having been twice or thrice conducted to the hospital, where he extended himself to be dressed, he afterwards used to go alone. The surgeon did whatever he thought necessary, applying sometimes even fire to the wound; and though the pain made the animal often utter the most plaintive groans, he never expressed any other tokens than those of gratitude to this person, who by momentary torments endeavoured, and in the end effected, his cure.

In the last war, a young elephant received a violent wound in its head, the pain of which rendered it so frantic and ungovernable, that it was found impossible to persuade the animal to have it dressed. Whenever any one approached it, it ran off with fury, and would suffer no person to come within several yards of it. The man who had the care of it at length hit upon a contrivance for securing it: by a few words and signs he gave the mother of the animal sufficient intelligence of what was wanted, the sensible creature immediately seized her young one with her trunk, and held it firmly down, though groaning with agony,

while the surgeon completely dressed the wound: and she continued to perform this service every day till the animal was perfectly recovered.

In the Philosophical Transactions, a story is related of an elephant having such an attachment for a very young child, that he was never happy but when it was near him..... The nurse used, therefore, very frequently to take the child in its cradle, and place it betwixt his feet, and this he became at length so much accustomed to, that he would never eat his food, except when it was present. When the child slept he used to drive off the flies with his proboscis, and when it cried he would move the cradle backwards and forwards, and thus again rock it to sleep.

A centinel belonging to the present menagerie at Paris, was always very careful in requesting the spectators not to give the elephants any thing to eat. This conduct particularly displeased the female, who beheld him with a very unfavourable eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his interference by besprinkling his head with water from her trunk. One day, when several persons were collected to view these animals, a bye-stander offered the female a bit of bread, the centinel perceived it, but the moment he opened his mouth to give his usual admonition, she, placing herself immediately before him, discharged in his face a considerable stream of water. A general laugh ensued; but the centinel, having calmly wiped his face, stood a little to one side, and continued as vigilant as before. Soon afterwards he found himself under the necessity of repeating his admonition to the spectators, but no sooner was this uttered than the female laid hold of his musket, twirled it round with her trunk, trod it under her feet, and did not restore it till she had twisted it into the form of a screw.

M. Navarette says that, at Macasar, an elephant-driver had a cocoanut given him, which he, out of wantonness, struck twice against his elephant's forehead to break. The day following the animal saw some cocoa-nuts exposed in the street for sale, and taking one of them up with his trunk, beat it about the driver's head, till the man was completely dead. "This comes," says our author, "of jesting with elephants."

A LETTER FROM BARON HUMBOLDT TO A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE AT PARIS.

From Lima, November 25, 1802.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I JUST arrive from the interior of the country, where I have made experiments, on a wide plain, on the hourly variations of the magnetic needle, and learn, with regret, that the frigate Astigaragga, which was only to have departed in a fortnight, is now going to set sail for Cadiz this very night. For these five months it is the first opportunity we have had for Europe in the solitary regions on the Pacific Ocean; and want of time renders it impossible for me to write as I ought to the National Institute, from which I have just received the most affecting proofs of the kindness with which it honours me. A few days before my departure from Quito for Jaen and the Amazone, I received the letter which that society addressed to me by your hands. It is dated the 2d Pluvoise, 9th year, and has taken two years to reach me in the Cordillieras of the Andes. It came to hand the day after my second expedition to the crater of the volcano of Pichincha, whither I had gone with an electrometer of Volta, and to measure the diameter, which I find to be 4,500 English feet, while that of Vesuvius is only 1,872 feet. This reminds me that on the summit of Guaguapichincha, where I have been often, and which I regard as classical ground, La Condamine and Bouguer received their first letter

from the *ci-devant* academy; and I imagine that Pichincha, *si magna licet componere parvis*, is a lucky spot for natural philosophers. How shall I express to you, citizen, the satisfaction with which I perused this letter of the National Institute, and the repeated assurance of your kind remembrance! How delightful is it to know that we live in the memory of those whose labours daily advance the progress of the human mind! In the deserts of the plains of Apure, in the thick forests of Casiguian and of the Orenoque, every where your names have been present to me; and running over in thought the different epochs of my wandering life, I have dwelt with transport on those of the 6th and 7th year, when I lived in the midst of you, and where Laplace, Fourcroy, Vauquelin, Guyton, Chaptal, Jussieu, Desfontaines, Hallé, Lalande, Prony, and especially you, my generous and affectionate friend, loaded me with kindness in the plains of Lieursaint. Accept all of you together the homage of my tender attachment and my constant gratitude.

Long before I received your letter in your capacity of secretary to the institution, I addressed successively to the physical and mathematical class three letters; two from Santa-Fé de Bogota, accompanied with a treatise on the genus chincona, that is to say, specimens of bark of seven species; coloured drawings representing these vegetables, with the anatomy of the flowers so different as to the length of the stamina, and skeletons dried with care. Doctor Mutis, who behaved most kindly to me, and for whose sake I went up the river La Madelaine forty days journey, has made me a present of more than one hundred magnificent draughts, large folio, giving figures of new genera, and new species of his manuscript Flora of Bogota. I thought that this collection, as interesting for botany as remarkable for the beauty of the colouring, could not be in better hands than in those of Jussieu, Lamarck, and Desfontaines; and I have offered it to the National Institute, as a feeble mark of my attachment. This collection and the chinconas were sent for Carthagena, in South America, about the month of June this year: M. Mutis himself took in hand to forward them to Paris. A third letter for the National Institute was sent from Quito, with a geological collection of the productions of Pichincha, Cotopaxi, and Chimborazo..... How afflicting is it to remain in a sad uncertainty concerning the arrival of these articles, and of the collections of rare grains, which, three years ago, we directed to the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris!

My time is too short to-day to give you an account of my travels and occupations since my return from Rio-Negro. You know that it was at the Havannah we received a false report of the departure of captain Baudin for Buenos-Ayres. Faithful to my promise of joining him wherever I could, and persuaded I should be more useful to science by uniting my labour to that of the naturalists who followed captain Baudin, I did not hesitate a moment to sacrifice the little glory of finishing my own expedition; and I freighted immediately a small vessel at Batabano, in order to proceed to Carthagena. Storms retarded this short passage upwards of a month, as the gales had ceased in the Southern Ocean, where I expected to fall in with captain Baudin. I entered on the difficult route of Honda, of Ibague, of the passage of the mountain of Quindiu, of Popayan, from Pasta to Quito. My health continued to resist wonderfully well the change of temperature to which one is continually exposed in this route, descending every day from snows of 15,000 feet high, to scorching vallies, where Reaumur's thermometer is never below twenty-four or twenty-six degrees. My companion, whose knowledge, courage, and immense activity have been of the greatest use to me in researches on botany and comparative anatomy, citizen Bompland, has

been ill of the tertian-ague for the space of two months. The rainy season overtook us in the most critical passage, on the flats of the Pastas, and, after a journey of eight months, we arrived at Quito, where we learned that citizen Baudin had taken his route from west to east by the Cape of Good Hope. Accustomed to disappointments, we comforted ourselves with the thoughts of having made so great sacrifices with a good design. On looking at our *herbarium*, our measurements, barometrical and geodesical, our drawings, our experiments on the air of the Cordillieras, we did not regret having visited countries, the greater part unknown to naturalists. We felt that man can depend on nothing but what is produced by his own energy.

The province of Quito, the most elevated flat in the world, rent by the great catastrophe of the 4th February, 1797, has opened to us a vast field for natural observations. Such enormous volcanoes, whose flames rise often to the height of one thousand metres, have never produced any lava. They emit water, hydrogen, sulphurated gas, mud, and carbonated argile. Since the year 1797, the whole of this part of the globe is agitated. We feel every moment dreadful shocks; and, in the plains of Riobomba, the subterraneous noise resembles that of a mountain falling to pieces beneath our feet. The atmospheric air and the humid lands (all these volcanoes are in a decomposed porphyry) appear the great agents of these combustions, of these subterraneous fermentations. Hitherto it was believed, at Quito, that 14,820 feet was the greatest height where men could resist the rarefaction of the air. In the month of March, 1802, we spent some days in the vast plains which surround the volcano of Antisana, at 12,642 feet, where the cattle, when pursued, often vomit blood. The 16th of March, we discerned a path on the snow, a gentle slope, on which we mounted to the height of 16,638 feet. The air contained 0,008 of carbonic acid, 0,218 of oxygen, and 0,774 of azote. The thermometer of Reaumur was at 15°; it was not in the least cold, yet w ebled at lips and eyes. The scite did not permit us to make an experiment with the compass of Borda, but in a grotto at 14,802 feet. The intensity of magnetic power was greater at that height than at Quito, in the ratio of 230 to 218. But it is not to be forgot, that often the number of oscillations increases when the inclination diminishes, and that this intensity is increased by the mass of the mountain whose porphyries affect the magnetic needle.

In the expedition I made on the 23d of June, 1802, to the Chimborazo, we have experienced that with patience one may support a still greater rarefaction of air. We reached to a greater height than La Condamine, on the Corazon, by 3000 feet. We carried instruments on the Chimborazo to 18,180 feet, seeing the mercury descend in the barometer to 13 inches 11, 2 lines, the thermometer being 1° 3′ below zero. We bled still at our lips. Our Indians forsook us as usual. Citizen Bompland and M. Montuson, son of the marquis of Selvalegre at Quito, were the only people who persisted: we all felt an uneasiness, a debility, an inclination to vomit, which certainly proceeds from the defect of oxygen in these regions more than from the rarified air. I found only 0,20 of oxygen at this immense height. A horrid fissure prevented us from reaching the very summit of Chimborazo, from which we were only 1,236 feet. You know that the height of this colossal mass is still uncertain. La Condamine measured it from a great distance. He allows it nearly 19,320 feet. Don George Juan gives it 20,280. This difference does not proceed from the various altitudes which these astronomers adopt for the signal of Carabouron. I measured in the plain of Tassia a base of 1702 metres. Two geodesical operations give me Chimborazo 19,602 feet above the sea: but the

calculation must be rectified by the distance of the sectant from the artificial horizon, and other circumstances.

The volcano Tongouragoa has diminished much since the time of La Candamine; instead of 15,820 feet, I found it only 15,186; and I hope this difference does not proceed from an error in my operations, since in the measures of Cayambo, Antisana, Cotopaxi, and Islinga, I do not differ more than 60 or 70 feet from the result of La Condamine and Bouguer. All the inhabitants of these miserable countries say that Tongouragoa is perceptibly lower, while Cotopaxi, which has had so violent explosions, is as high as in 1744, and even somewhat higher, unless that arise from an error on my side. But the rocky summit of Cotopaxi shows that it is a chimney which resists and preserves its figure. The operations we have made in the Andes of Quito, from January to July, brought the inhabitants the sad news that the crater of Pichincha, which La Condamine saw full of snow, burns anew; and that Chimborazo, which they thought so peaceable and harmless, has been a volcano, and perhaps one day will be so again. We have burnt rock and pumice-stone at the height of 18,186 feet. Woe to mankind if the volcanic fire, for we may say that the flat of Quito has been one volcano with several tops, breaks forth through the Chimborazo. It has often been said in print that this mountain is of granite; but there is not one atom of that. It is here and there porphyry in columns, encrustating vitrous field-spath, horn-stone, and olivin. The bed of porphyry is 11,400 feet thick. I might mention to you on this occasion a polar porphyry, which, analogous to the serpentine I have seen described in the *Journal de Physique*, has poles without attraction: I might quote to you other facts relating to the great law of the stratas, and their enormous thickness near the equator: but it would be too much in a letter which may be lost; and I will treat of that some other time. I only add, that besides the elephants' teeth which we have sent to citizen Cuvier from the flats of Santa Fé, of 8100 feet in height, we keep for him others still finer; some of a carnivorous elephant, others of a species little different from that of Africa, from the valley of Timana, the town of Ibarra, and from Chili. Thus, then, is the existence of that carnivorous monster certain, from Ohio, in the 50th degree north latitude, to the 75th degree south latitude.

I have spent very agreeable hours at Quito. The president of the audience, baron de Corondeles, has loaded us with kindness; and for three years I have had no reason to complain for once of the agents of the Spanish government. Every where I have been treated with distinction, and with a delicacy which obliges me to an everlasting gratitude. I have been very attentive to the pyramids and to their foundation, which I do not believe in the least deranged as to the *pierres molaires*. A generous individual, a friend of sciences and of learned men, such as La Condamine, Godin, and Bouguer, namely, the marquis of Selvalegre, at Quito, thinks of rebuilding them; but this leads me too far.

After having passed the Assouay and Cuença, where they gave a bull-baiting, we took the route of Loxa, to complete our operations on the Chincona. Afterwards we spent a month in the province of Taen, of Bracamoros, and in the Pongos of the Amazone, whose banks are adorned with the Andira and Bougainvillea of Jessieu. Methinks it is important to fix the longitude of Tomependa and of Chuchanga, where begins the chart of La Condamine, and to connect these points with the coast. La Condamine could only fix the longitude of the mouth of the river Napo: there were then no time-pieces; so that the longitude of these places stand in need of several corrections. My chronometer of Louis Berthoud does wonders, as I am convinced by observing from time to

time the first satellite of Jupiter; and by comparing point for point the difference of my meridians from those found at the expedition of M. Fidalga, who, by the king's order, made trigonometrical observations from Cumana to Carthagena.

From the river Amazone we passed the Andes by the mines of Haalgayac, which produce a million of piasters yearly, and where the mine of grey argentiferous copper is found at 12,390 feet. We came down to Truxilla by Cascamarca, where, in the palace of Atatualpa, I have drawn the arches of the Peruvian vaults. Continuing by the deserts of the South Sea coast to Lima, where one half of the year is covered with thick vapours, I made haste to arrive at Lima, in order to observe the transit of Mercury on the 9th November, 1802.

Our collections of plants, and the drawings I have made of the anatomy of the *genera*, agreeably to the ideas citizen Jessieu had imparted to me in the Society for Natural History, have generally increased the riches we have found in the province of Quito, at Loxa, at the Amazone, and in the Cordillieres of Peru. We have found many plants seen by Joseph Jussieu, such as the *Llogue affinis quillajac*, and others. We have a new species of julienne, which is charming; collatix, passiflora, and loranthus, a tree sixty feet high. We are very rich in palms and gramina, on which citizen Bompland has laboured very extensively. We now have 3784 very complete descriptions in Latin, and nearly one-third of the plants in the *herbarium*, which, for want of time, we have not been able to describe. There is not a vegetable of which we cannot point out the rock it inhabits, and to what height in feet it mounts; so that the geography of plants will find in our manuscripts very correct materials. In order to do still better, citizen Bompland and I have often described the same plant separately. But two-thirds of the descriptions, and more, belong to the sole assiduity of citizen Bompland, whose zeal for the progress of science cannot be sufficiently admired. Jussieu, Desfontaines, and Lamarck, have reared in him a disciple who will go great lengths.

We have compared our *herbarium* with these of M. Mutis; we have consulted many books in the immense library of that great man: we are persuaded that we have found several new genera and new species: but much time will be required to determine what is really new. We mention also a silicious substance, analogous to the tabaschin of the East-Indies, which M. Mutis has analysed. It is found in the knots of a gigantic gramen which is confounded with the bambou: but its flower differs from that of the *bambusa* of Schreber. I know not whether citizen Fourcroy has received the milk of the vegetable cow, as the Indians call the tree. It is a milk which, prepared with nitrous acid, produced a caoutchoue with a balsamic odour, but which, far from being caustic or hurtful, as all vegetable milks are, is nourishing and agreeable: we discovered it on the road of Orenoque, in a plantation where the Negroes drink often of it. I sent also to citizen Fourcroy by Guadaloupe, and to sir Joseph Banks, by the Trinidad, our *dapiche;* or the white oxygen caoutchoue, which exudes from the roots of a tree in the forests of Pimichin, in the most remote corner of the world, towards the sources of Rio Negro.

At length, after waiting three years, *La Mechanique Celeste* of Laplace, is arrived (November, 1802;) I have fallen upon it with unbounded eagerness. This book has encouraged me to continue my researches on the tides of the atmosphere, on which I made several observations at Cumana in the year 1799. I have mentioned them in a letter to citizen Lalande. Godin knew something about them, without pointing out a cause. Mosely, in a work on the maladies of the tropics, says, that the barometer is at the *maximum* when the sun is in

the meridian ; but that is very false. The *maximum* takes place at 21 h. and at 11 h. ; the *minimum* at 4 h. and at 15½ h. The moon does not seem to alter the epochs so much as the quantity of elevations. I am now observing principally the days of opposition and conjunction ; and as my barometer indicates the 20th part of a line, I doubt not but citizen Laplace, whose genius has conquered the tides of the sea, will also discover the laws of the tides of the air, when I shall have given him some thousands of observations.

See how striking the phenomenon is :

		f.	*l.*
24 November,	10 h. morn.	27	5 75
———	12 49 *m.*		5 45
———	2 0		5 25
———	3 30		5 10
———	4 45		5 0
———	5 30		5 10
———	7 0		5 40
———	8 0		5 60
———	9 0		5 65
———	10 30		5 65

I observe the hygrometer and barometer at the same time. My barometer is English.

I have gone too far. I wished to write my friend Pommard. I have no more time ; he loves me, he will excuse me.

I don't go to the Philippines. I pass by Acapulco, Mexico, Havannah, to Europe. I hope to embrace you in September or October, 1803, at Paris. I shall be at Mexico in February ; in June at Havannah. I think of nothing but of preserving and publishing my manuscripts..... How much do I long to be at Paris !

Health and respect,

HUMBOLDT.

MANNERS OF THE DOG.

"THERE is a dog," says Mr. Smellie, "at present belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who has for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood. A man who goes through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pye. The next time he heard the pyeman's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pyeman, who understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street-door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pyeman, and received his pye. This traffic between the pyeman and the grocer's dog has been daily practised for months past, and still continues."

In the year 1760, the following incident occurred near Hammersmith : Whilst a man of the name of Richardson, a waterman of that place, was sleeping in his boat, the vessel broke from her moorings, and was carried by the tide under a west-country barge. Fortunately for the man his dog happened to be with him, and the sagacious animal awaked him by pawing his face, and pulling the collar of his coat, at the instant the boat was filling with water : he seized the opportunity, and thus saved himself from otherwise inevitable death.

A dog that had been the favourite of an elderly lady, some time after her death, discovered the strongest emotions on the sight of her picture, when taken down to be cleaned. Before this instant he had never been observed to notice the painting..... Here was evidently a case either of passive remembrance, or of the involuntary renewal of former impressions.

Another dog, the property of a gentleman that died, was given to a friend in Yorkshire. Several years afterwards, a brother from the West Indies, paid a short visit at the house where the dog then was. He was instantly recognized, though an entire stranger, in consequence, most probably, of a strong personal

likeness. The dog fawned upon and followed him with great affection to every place where he went.

During M. Le Vaillant's travels in Africa, he one day missed a favourite little bitch that he had taken out with him. After much shouting and firing of guns, in order, if possible, to make her hear where the party was, he directed one of his Hottentots to mount a horse and return some distance in search of her. In about four hours the man returned with her on his saddle, bringing with him at the same time a chair and a basket, which had been unknowingly dropped from one of the waggons. The bitch was found at the distance of about two leagues, lying in the road, and watching the lost chair and basket: and had the man been unsuccessful in his pursuit, she must unavoidably either have perished with hunger, or fallen a prey to some of the wild beasts, with which these plains abound.

Mr. C. Hughes, a son of Thespis, had a wig which generally hung on a peg in one of his rooms. He one day lent the wig to a brother player, and some time after called on him. Mr. Hughes had his dog with him, and the man happened to have the borrowed wig on his head. Mr. Hughes stayed a little while with his friend, but, when he left him, the dog remained behind: for some time he stood, looking full in the man's face, then making a sudden spring, leaped on his shoulders, seized the wig, and ran off with it as fast as he could; and, when he reached home, he endeavoured by jumping to hang it up in its usual place.

During a severe storm, in the winter of 1789, a ship, belonging to Newcastle, was lost near Yarmouth; and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take it from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leapt fawningly against the breast of a man, who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched with great attention for all the things that came from the wrecked vessel, seizing them, and endeavouring to bring them to land.

The following is another instance of their docility, and power of observation: A gentleman, walking by the side of the river Tyne, observed, on the opposite side, that a child had fallen into the water; he pointed out the object to his dog, which immediately jumped in, swam over, and, catching hold of the child with his mouth, landed it safely on the shore.

An anecdote related by Mr. Hope, and well authenticated by other persons, shows also that this animal is both capable of resentment when injured, and of great contrivance to accomplish it; and that it is even possessed of a certain power of combining ideas and communicating them to one of its own species, so as to produce a certain preconcerted consequence. "A gentleman of Whitmore, in Staffordshire, used to come twice a year to town, and being fond of exercise, generally performed the journey on horseback, accompanied most part of the way by a faithful little terrier dog, which, lest he might lose it in town, he always left to the care of Mrs. Langford, the landlady at St. Alban's: and on his return he was sure to find his little companion well taken care of. The gentleman calling one time, as usual, for his dog, Mrs. Langford appeared before him with a woeful countenance: 'Alas! sir, your terrier is lost! Our great house-dog and he had a quarrel, and the poor terrier was so worried and bit before we could part them, that I thought he could never have got the better of it. He, however, crawled out of the yard, and no one saw him for almost a week: he then returned, and brought with

him another dog, bigger by far than ours, and they both together fell on our great dog, and bit him so unmercifully, that he has scarcely since been able to go about the yard, or to eat his meat. Your dog and his companion then disappeared, and have never since been seen at St. Alban's.' The gentleman heard the story with patience, and endeavoured to reconcile himself to the loss. On his arrival at Whitmore, he found his little terrier; and on enquiring into circumstances, was informed that he had been at Whitmore and had coaxed away the great dog, who it seems had, in consequence, followed him to St. Alban's, and completely avenged his injury."

A GROTTO DESCRIBED.

The following is a curious specimen of the style of rural and picturesque decoration so prevalent, of late, in Great Britain. It is given by a late traveller, in describing the seat of sir R. Hill, at Hawkestone, in Lancashire.

RETRACING our steps down the declivity, we descended to a rude seat cut out of the rock, immediately under the precipice on which the ruin stands, where a close glen opens to the eye, exhibiting one of the most beautiful and solemn combinations of rock and wood that can be conceived. The grand face of the rock before-mentioned makes the chief feature of this picture, towards the summit of which a singular phenomenon is seen; a broad patch, highly tinged with green, and evidently appearing to be copper-mineral, whose lofty situation throws some light upon, and adds much strength to the hypothesis of the modern production of metals by *descending materials*. Quitting our seat, near which we contemplated with horror the profoundly deep well of the ancient castle, we were led into a hollow, a cut in the solid rock, from whence all prospect being excluded, the eye is confined to a gloomy cavern, at the termination of which is a door faced with an iron grating, a stately stern figure of a lion appearing through the bars. Ascending by a path from this abyss, we are led through an undulating meadow towards the grotto hill, that vast natural wall of rock we had been contemplating from below. The walk up this declivity is extremely well managed, shutting out, by its depth of shade, the scenery intended to burst upon the vision at once from its elevated summit. Arrived here, we passed on to the grotto, one of the most novel, grand, beautiful, and extensive works of the kind in Europe. The very happy approach to it is by a natural rent in the rock, discovered and cleared for the purpose last winter, which conducts to a sub-rupal passage, about one hundred yards long, six feet high, and two feet wide, cut out of the living rock about twelve years ago. From hence all light is excluded; so that, directing our progress by feeling the wall, we continued our way in outer darkness for some time, till a solemn golden radiance appeared before us, as if shed from a different sun than from that which warms our globe, discovering a vaulted cavern supported by rude stone pillars. The effect is magical, and the mind, turned out of sober reality, indulges in fancies as pleasing as they are imaginary, till reaching the excavated chamber, we find that this beautiful illumination is occasioned by the solar light passing through small windows of stained glass, so disposed as not to be seen at a distance. Another gallery of large dimensions and more numerous pillars is connected with this, where, by a similar contrivance, a variety of different coloured lights are introduced, producing a prodigiously beautiful effect. To this the *grotto*, properly so called, is united, supported by pillars, and furnished in the accustomed style of these excavations, but with great splendour and expence. A door

opens upon a natural stone terrace, immediately under the beetling ledge, that crowns the summit of the august rock seen from below, where we stood looking down a frightful precipice of seven hundred feet beneath us, with the grand hill and its ruined castle before us, and a stretch of country to the right..... We now left the apartment, to return to the surface of the rock, but the wonders of this excavation were not yet exhausted. Passing through another dark subterraneous cavern, we suddenly found ourselves at the entrance of a small chapel, where the light of purple hue, or rather "darkness visible," will just allow the eye to distinguish an altar, and other appropriate appendages..... Whilst contemplating these, a venerable figure, clothed in the style of a Druid, slowly pacing from a dark recess in the apartment, crossed before us to the altar, made her obeisance, and departed, leaving us much surprised at, and almost ashamed of the very singular impression which our minds could be made to experience, even from childish toys, if presented to them under particular circumstances..... Quitting the grotto, we threaded the other mazes of this singular place, taking in the *hermitage*, where a venerable figure is seen in a sitting posture, who, by means of a servant previously placed behind him, rises up as the stranger approaches, asks questions, returns answers, and repeats poetry. Passing over the Pont de Suisse, a rude bridge, thrown across the gulph, which separates the rocky mountains on which we had been hitherto engaged, from its sublime neighbour, where the view is extremely awful, we mounted the obelisk, erected on the highest point of the terrace, from whence is a view one hundred miles in diameter, with this beautiful singularity, that the eye is in no one direction lost in space, but every where meets with a resting-point in the beautiful belt of distant mountains that bound the horizon. Leaving this modern decoration, we crossed the park to a remain of antiquity, a noble example of Roman castrametation, called *Bury-Walls*, one of the most perfect of the kind in Europe, containing about thirty acres within its mounds. Nature on three sides had sufficiently defended the spot, so that the Romans had only to cast up vallations on the remaining one; but this was done in their best style, by three high mounds, which rendered the place impregnable. Connected with military matters, though of a much later age, was the place we next visited, a cavern in the tower glen, where an ancestor of the Hill family, who was unsuccessful in the service of Charles I, concealed himself for a time from the pursuits of the parliamentarian forces.

An urn is placed near the cave, whose inscription recounts the circumstances of his concealment and of its ill success.

THOUGHTS ON THE PROBABLE DURATION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THE foundation of this republic affords a splendid spectacle to the eye of the universe. Its increasing strength may place it in the foremost rank of nations; and, if the Americans continue united, and know where to place a proper bound to their love of dominion, there is a great probability that it will be as durable as any empire the world has witnessed; but, if they disunite, or diminish their internal strength by too great an extension of their possessions, they will become petty states, perpetually struggling with each other, and a prey to factious designing men. All the advantages attending the monarchies or republics of the old world, centre in the new, as well as others which they never possessed. The Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman empires, the dominions of Charlemagne, and the Saracens, arose from conquest, and the uniting of

kingdoms different in arts, manners, languages, and religions. The American empire is formed by commerce, and the arts of peace; by people arising from the same stock, emigrating from the same country, possessing the same language, religion, laws, manners, and pursuits; for the small variation in some districts, owing to the intermixture of Germans, forms only a very slight exception, which will be entirely done away in the course of a very few generations. By this intimate connection of men and morals, the cause, which accelerated, and finally proved the overthrow of the eastern empires, is totally done away in the western.

No precise duration can be fixed to the eastern empires, owing to the inaccuracy of historical accounts; the following statement of the principal of them seems the best authenticated and nearest the truth. The Assyrian empire, over a great part of Asia, from Ninus to Sardanapalus, lasted, according to Justin, 1300 years; Eusebius 1240; Georgius Monachus 1340. The empire of Asia was transferred from the Assyrians to the Medes in the 817th year before Christ; their reign, according to Eusebius, was about 260 years, although Diodorus and Georgius Monachus differ from him, and also one another, in the names of the kings, and the dates of their reigns.

From the foundation of the Persian empire by Cyrus, to its destruction by Alexander, about 232 years elapsed.

The Macedonian empire from its foundation by Philip, to the 11th year of king Perseus, when it was reduced to a Roman province by Paulus Æmilius, lasted, according to Justin, 192 years.

The Roman empire, from the foundation of the city of Rome, 753 years before Christ, to the final destruction of the western empire, by Odoacer, in the 476th year of the christian æra, lasted 1229 years.

All these empires owed their origin and increase to conquest, and a union of dissonant parts; they therefore fell to pieces so soon as luxury and effeminacy had undermined them, and the bravery of the ancient founders had become extinct in their posterity. Enterprizing people were soon found ready to take advantage of their degeneracy. The Assyrian and Roman empires were the slowest in growth, and the longest in decay. The Chinese is the most remarkable empire, as well for its durability, as for the invariable continuation of the same laws and manners, for a long succession of ages. Its history, however, is very little known by Europeans, and what the Chinese themselves pretend to give of it is too sophisticated by fable to be believed. It is, nevertheless, certain, that after being conquered by the Tartars, they still preserved the same laws, religion, and language; and as the conquerors became lost in the immense numbers of the conquered, and by degrees assumed their manners, the dominions of the Tartars might be said to be added to the Chinese empire.

The British empire resembles the Assyrian and Roman in the slowness of its growth, and the Chinese in the fate of its invaders. The Saxons, Danes, Romans, and Normans, after their successive irruptions, remained mostly in England, and formed, in process of time, one nation, governed by one law, and acknowledging subjection to one prince. England, by its subjection and union with Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, laid the foundation of the British empire; and by its conquests and colonies in every part of the globe, and more particularly by its commerce and manufactures, raised it to that pitch of grandeur as to be second to none. Besides having given birth to the United States of North America, a nation nearly as populous as itself, it is now forming settlements in New South Wales with a fortitude and perseverance surmounting all obstacles, and with the same unremitting watchfulness, toil, and labour, as attended the foundation of the United States.....

From the accounts of the salubrity, soil, and productions of New Holland, added to the advantage of its insular situation, very little doubt can be entertained of its becoming a more powerful empire than the United States, and in a more rapid progression. Considering the immense possessions of the British empire in Europe, Asia, Africa, and in America, notwithstanding the separation of the United States, it will be impossible not to exclaim that, should the parent stock be over-run by foreign enemies, torn to pieces by domestic factions, or even blotted out from the face of the globe by a convulsion of nature, yet its fame must be immortal. Enterprise and perseverance have procured for the English language that universality, which French ambition has failed in procuring for theirs; and the pleasing idea of living to a perpetuity of fame, by writing in a language, which, in all human probability, will never be dead, like the Greek and Latin tongues, should infuse into English authors, and animate them with an ardour, which can be experienced by those of no other nation. Increasing time will bring increasing readers, and their praises be resounded by nations.

But to return to the United States. When congress appointed Washington commander in chief, their jealousy of supreme power, in whosoever vested, induced them in their address to him when they conferred this high office, to tell him "they trusted, when those ends were obtained for which they took up arms, he would return to the station of a private citizen." After the independence of the United States was sealed, he, accordingly, retired to Mount Vernon, leaving them to their own passions and guidance. The confederation was the only compact which held together, as it were by a thread, these jarring democracies. Imposts were laid by some of them upon others; retaliation, and mutual recriminations, brought on those keen resentments which are seldom or never terminated among states, but by the sword. The crisis between the revolutionary struggle, and the adoption of the federal constitution, was truly awful, and called the attention of Europe towards them. America was debauched by the excesses of a civil war, and inebriated with the luxuriance of boundless liberty; the states were severed from their former head, overwhelmed with public and private debts, rent with jealousies, and governed by different and undefined laws....each sovereign, and without any common bond. Out of this political chaos a project began to be talked of for forming three distinct empires; the United States were tottering on the verge of anarchy and confusion, when all cast their eyes towards Washington, as the only man possessing a sufficiency of command over the popular passions to consolidate them. As he had distanced all rivality, he was unanimously chosen president of the United States. The present constitution was carved out of those venerable codes of British legislation, which have received the sanction, and stood the test of ages, altered and adapted to the particular nature of their government. A visible and happy change was the consequence, and from that time, the real union, and existence of the United States as a nation, may be dated.

The republic has since experienced an unusual rapidity of growth; but it is the natural effect of the wonderful combinations of a plenty of fertile land, and a form of government adapted by themselves, and suited to their own constitutions; and, for those reasons, predicts no signs of as speedy a decay. It possesses the singular felicity of being separated by the vast Atlantic ocean from all danger of surprise; and those foreign nations, who may be capable of doing them an essential injury, must encounter the greatest difficulties in attacking them.

The extent of the United States is commensurate with any probable increase of population for ages to

come; and it possesses all the solid advantages of the Chinese empire, without the fatal neighbourhood of the Tartars. By the cession of Louisiana the Americans have gained a vast increase of territory; and the free navigation of the Mississippi, which is thereby secured to them, will increase the population of the western parts, and form a complete barrier on that side. The two Floridas can never be an object of terror to them, and in case of a rupture between Spain and the United States, will soon be taken possession of by the latter. The British possessions on the north and west, are alone to be dreaded, and, in the latter quarter, they are strongly guarded by the forts established by the British, and lately delivered up to the Americans, according to the treaty of Paris.

Thus situated, the United States appear formed by nature for a great, permanent, and independent government. Such an extensive tract of country, covered with a people sprung from an active and industrious nation, whose example they seem anxious to emulate, ought to form a commonwealth as indissoluble as humanity will allow. They have, besides, a knowledge of those destructive principles which have hastened the downfall of other nations, and it is their own fault if, guided by that unerring beacon, they do not avoid a similar shipwreck.

But it is not to be concealed that this rising republic contains the seeds of internal destruction. The first shock the federal constitution received arose from the French revolution. France had two views towards the United States: the one was to annoy her dreaded rival, Great-Britain; the other to render them satellites of her boundless ambition. Gratitude to France, for having insured the independence of the United States, was first insisted on, flattery was then put in force; and lastly, when those means failed of drawing them from neutrality, threats were pressed into the service. It was thought necessary, finding all these measures fail, to revolutionize them. The minds of the Americans were inflamed, and every moment watched to paralize government, and create a coolness between it and the people. The French began systematic operations, and soon divided the unsuspecting Americans into two parties, called *federalists*, (whom they also denominated aristocrats, and English tories, to render them odious to the republicans) and *anti-federalists;* yet both parties were rigid republicans..... Anarchy and civil war impended over this infantine republic, when the wisdom of Washington interposed, and, by a proclamation of neutrality, he, as one of his best eulogists emphatically phrases it, 'arrested the intrigues of France, and the passions of his countrymen, on the very edge of the precipice of war and revolution.' This was followed up by a treaty of commerce with Great-Britain, which was one of the last acts of Washington's administration of any consequence, and dashed the poisoned chalice of French fraternity from the lips of the Americans. The French faction raged, and, at the expiration of his presidency, Washington retired, disgusted with the struggles of a desperate party. When, however, the insolence of France constrained the Americans to repel aggression by aggression, this truly great and good man was again called into action: he accepted the lieutenancy-general of the army of the United States, and, in the decline of life, did not hesitate again to draw his sword in the maintenance of that independence he had been so instrumental in establishing. Death closed his glorious career! The veneration, which attended him vanished with him, and the United States have been ever since convulsed with the struggles of the two parties, although the cause, the French revolution, has been long since heartily despised by both. But when the ball of contention has been once set on foot, individuals will always be found to keep it up, in order to head the contending parties, until one of them gets

the upper hand, and the weakest calls to its aid a foreign power, which most commonly subjugates both. Thus fell the republics of Greece, which, torn to pieces by internal divisions, and striving with one another for the mastery, were easily brought under a foreign yoke; and the German league presents a very recent example how easily an empire may be crippled by a foreign enemy, when the undermining policy of some of its rulers prefers the aggrandizement of their particular states to the integrity and prosperity of the whole. These two parties have created evident symptoms of a division between the northern and southern states, and threats have been thrown out on both sides, which may ultimately bring it about.

Another division also threatens to take place between the eastern and western territories. The latter have twice openly resisted government, and yielded only to a superiority of force. An excise duty created the very same disagreement between them as the stamp act did between them and Great-Britain. It is therefore by no means improbable their offspring may, in time, mete to them the very same measure they meted to the mother country; and show them, what they have taught Great-Britain, that, in the government of a nation, as in that of a private family, there is an age when children will think and act for themselves.

This division is one of the fatal causes of the downfall of an empire: effeminacy, which may be aptly styled a national epidemic, is another. In proportion as a nation increases in security and affluence, it becomes dissatisfied with having barely wherewithal to supply the wants of nature; it pines for those of convenience; those obtained, they pant for luxury, which brings its never failing concomitant.....effeminacy..... A nation, thus undermined, is easily overturned by the first hostile blast. Through luxury Cyrus quelled the Lydians; through luxury the Assyrian empire was overthrown by the Medes; their's by the Macedonians; the latter by the Romans; and the Romans by the barbarians; and, to give a more recent example, Davila tells that, in an interview and semblance of treaty with the king of Navarre, Catherine de Medicis broke that prince's power more with the insidious gaieties of her court, than many battles before had done. The excesses of the civil war, and the irruptions of the pernicious morals of the French fugitives from St. Domingo, through the republican morals of the United States, will evince to a superficial reader, what must have been self-evident to an eye-witness, that luxury has made a grievous breach in the deliberate gravity of republican Americans.

Too great an extension of an empire is likewise another fatal cause of its overthrow; whereby it is first weakened, and then becomes an easy sacrifice to the hatred and jealousy of contending nations. The American congress early showed a thirst for it, when, after having been successful in the reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, they resolved to pursue their design of penetrating into the very heart of Canada; thus at once changing the ground upon which they had taken up arms when they declared they fought for *liberty*, not *conquest*. They have pursued this scheme of aggrandizement ever since, by purchasing for trifles the Indian lands, or driving the aborigines further westward, and by the acquisition of Louisiana. Progressing thus, the Floridas, Canada, Mexico, the whole American continent, and even the West-Indies, may be wanted to give them elbow-room. This needs no comment!

Lastly comes a foreign foe, which every enterprising nation is to a declining empire, unable to repel insult and aggression. Division, effeminacy, and extension, sap the outworks and weaken the defence, while foreign aggression prepares to storm the citadel. Happy will the United States be if they know that in a confederacy of states, some potent, others weak, the ambition of individuals is to be restrained; division

avoided; due bounds set to their love of dominion; and proper regard had to religion, laws, and manners! As they avoid or neglect this beacon, the United States must fall under either one or the other alternative mentioned in the outset of this paper. Q.

FIDELITY OF A CAT.

THE following anecdote of a cat is extracted from a report lately made to the Atheneum of Lyons, by citizen Martin, a physician of that city.

On the 22d Messidor, at eight o'clock in the evening, I was called in by the justice of the peace to make a report respecting a murder, committed on the person of a woman named Pénit. Having obeyed his summons, I repaired with him to the habitation of the deceased, where I found on the floor the body of a young pregnant woman, extended lifeless and weltering in her blood. A spaniel lay at her feet, licking them from time to time, and uttering piteous moans. At sight of us he rose, did not bark, came up to us, and then returned to his mistress. A large white cat likewise attracted my attention; he was mounted on the cornice of a cupboard at the farther end of the apartment, where probably he had taken refuge at the moment of the assassination. There sitting motionless, he had his eyes fixed on the dead body, his attitude and his looks expressing horror and affright.

After slight examination, I retired, having promised to the justice of the peace that I would return at ten o'clock the next morning with one of my brethren of the faculty, to open the dead body in his presence, and before the eyes of the persons who were accused of the murder. Accordingly, the next day I returned to the spot in pursuance of my promise. The first object that caught the eye of doctor Martin, who accompanied me, was that same cat which I had observed on the preceding evening: he still continued in his former station, in the same attitude, and his looks had acquired so strong an expression of horror and rage, as to inspire my colleague with a fear that the animal was mad. The apartment was soon filled by the officers of justice and the armed force: but neither the clattering of the soldiers' arms, nor the noise occasioned by the loud and animated conversation of the company, could divert the attention of the cat, or produce any change in his menacing attitude.

I was preparing to take from the womb of the unfortunate victim another victim whom the same murderous act had deprived of life before it had enjoyed the light, when the accused persons were brought in. As soon as the cat, whose motions I attentively watched, had observed the murderers, his eyes glared with increased fury, his hair bristled up, he darted into the middle of the apartment, stopped for a moment, then went and lay down under the bed beside the spaniel, evidently sympathising with him in his indignation at the murder, and his faithful attachment to his mistress. Those mute but alarming witnesses did not escape the attention of the assassins, whose countenances were disconcerted at the sight, and who now, for the first time during the whole course of the business, felt themselves abandoned by their atrocious audacity.

This *trait* has removed the antipathy which I had entertained to cats. Henceforward I shall no longer fear their caresses, since the scene which I have witnessed authorises me to believe them susceptible of gratitude and attachment.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

IN the Greek Island of Santa Maura, when the bride and bridegroom join hands at the moment of receiving the nuptial benediction,

they are immediately separated by a young man; in consequence of which ceremony, a firm belief is entertained that their first-born will be a son.

In some villages in the same island, on the wedding-day the bridegroom is conducted at the first appearance of day-light to an open place, and seated in a chair, when two men immediately begin, the one to comb his hair, the other to lather his face; which operations are continued till sun-set. At his feet is placed a bason to receive contributions; each person throwing into it a few pieces of money.

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON VEGETABLES.

By Mr. Decandolle.

THE first object of this author was to ascertain the influence of light upon the sleep of leaves and flowers. As the regular vicissitudes of day and night appeared to be the chief cause of the great difficulty of such an inquiry, the author was of opinion that this might be obviated by exposing the vegetables to an artificial light, either constant or variously combined. For this purpose he placed six lamps in a dark cellar, and disposed them so that the plants which they illuminated should remain in a temperature not exceeding 66° or 68° *Fahr.* and protected from the smoke..... These six lamps were equal to 54 candles. The results of these experiments are curious. Mustard and cress seeds sown and raised by this artificial light became sensibly green, but their stalks were somewhat longer than in the open air. Leaves of different plants put under water in lamp-light gave no oxygen gas during twenty-four hours, and afterwards they decayed and gave a deleterious air. This result might be expected, since it is well known that plants give no oxygen in the shade, and the light of six lamps cannot equal that of sunshine. The night-blowing Marvel of Peru (*mirabilis jalapa*), exposed to the artificial light for three days, continued to open in the evening and shut in the morning as usual; the same happened even in total darkness; but on being exposed to the lamps during the day, they at first became somewhat irregular in the times of expanding and closing, and on the second day they opened in the morning and shut in the evening. The *convolvulus purpureus*, which in common opens at ten in the evening, on exposure to lamp-light, opened at ten as usual on the first day, but at five on the succeeding day. The *mesembryanthemum noctiflorum*, exposed to the lamp-light during the night, and to darkness in the day-time, came to open in the morning and close in the evening. Several sensitive plants, exposed for three days to continual lamp-light, opened and closed each day two hours sooner than on the preceding day; whence it appears, that a continuance of this light has hastened their movements instead of retarding them. Exposed to light during the night, and to darkness in the day-time, their progress became irregular for two days, and then they came regularly to open in the evening and shut in the morning. Total darkness did not derange their natural movements, but a heat of 80° to 100° *Fahr.* retarded them. A heat of 116° rendered them sickly, and for two days deprived them of their sensibility to the touch.

LETTERS IN BOTTLES.

GREAT use might be made of bottles, or other substances made water-tight, so as to float upon the sea, and thrown overboard in certain latitudes, in order to determine the course of the different currents in the ocean. The fate of three experiments thus tried, was as follows. The first was a bottle thrown overboard in the Bay of Biscay, August

17, 1786, from an English ship going to the East Indies. It was taken up by some fishermen on the coast of Normandy, May 9, 1787, two leagues off shore from Aromanches. C. Philip Delville, then judge of the admiralty at this place, sent to London the letter which the bottle contained. A second bottle was thrown into the sea, June 15, 1797, north lat. 44′. 22″. long. Teneriffe, 4′. 52″. by C. Brard, painter of the Museum of Natural History, going from Hamburg to Surinam, whom St. Pierre says he requested to send him some letters by this marine post. It was taken up on July 6, the same year, among the rocks of Cape Prieur, by a soldier of the garrison of Ferrol, and the letter came safe to hand. The third was thrown into the sea north of the Isle of France, and was picked up at the Cape of Good Hope, having been carried by the currents more than a thousand leagues.

HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE LION.

IN the reign of king James the first, Mr. Henry Archer, a watchmaker in Morocco, had two whelps given him, which had been stolen not long before from a lioness near Mount Atlas. They were a male and female, and till the death of the latter were kept together in the emperor's garden. He at that time had the male constantly in his bedroom, till he was as tall as a large mastiff-dog; he was perfectly tame and gentle in his manners. Being about to return to England, he reluctantly gave the animal to a Marseilles merchant, who presented him to the French king, from whom he came as a present to our king, and, for seven years afterwards, was kept in the tower. A person of the name of Bull, who had been a servant to Mr. Archer, went by chance with some friends, to see the animals there. The beast recognized him in a moment; and, by his whining voice and motions, expressive of anxiety for him to come near, fully exhibited the symptoms of his joy at meeting with a former friend. Bull, equally rejoiced, ordered the keeper to open the grate, and he went in. The lion fawned upon him like a dog, licking his feet, hands, and face, skipped and tumbled about to the astonishment of all the spectators. When the man left the place the animal bellowed aloud, and shook his cage in an extacy of sorrow and rage, and for four days afterwards refused to take any nourishment whatever.

An instance of recollection and attachment occurred not many years ago in a lion belonging to the duchess of Hamilton: it is thus related by Mr. Hope. "One day I had the honour of dining with the duchess of Hamilton: after dinner the company attended her grace to see a lion, that she had in the court, fed. While we were admiring his fierceness, and teazing him with sticks to make him abandon his prey and fly at us, the porter came and informed the duchess, that a serjeant, with some recruits at the gate, begged permission to see the lion. Her grace, with great condescension and good nature, asked permission of the company for the travellers to come in, as they would then have the satisfaction of seeing the animal fed. They were accordingly admitted at the moment the lion was growling over his prey. The serjeant, advancing to the cage, called out 'Nero, Nero, poor Nero, don't you know me?' The animal instantly turned his head to look at him; then rose up, left his prey, and came, wagging his tail, to the side of the cage. The man then put his hand upon him, and patted him; telling us, at the same time, that it was three years since they had seen each other, but that the care of the lion, on his passage from Gibraltar, had been committed to him, and he was happy to see the poor beast show so much gratitude for his attention. The lion, indeed, seemed perfectly pleased; he went

to and fro, rubbing himself against the place where his benefactor stood, and licked the serjeant's hand as he held it out to him. The man wanted to go into the cage to him, but was withheld by the company, who were not altogether convinced of the safety of the act."

ANECDOTE OF THE HYENA.

DR. SPARRMAN relates an anecdote of the spotted hyena, for the truth of which, though he does not altogether vouch, is so diverting, that we shall make no apology for introducing it. "One night, at a feast near the Cape, a trumpeter, who had got himself well filled with liquor, was carried out of doors in order to cool and soberize him. The scent of him soon attracted a tiger-wolf, which threw him on his back, and dragged him along like a corpse, and consequently a fair prize, up towards Table Mountain. In the mean time, however, our drunken musician awaked, sufficiently sensible to know the danger of his situation, and to sound the alarm with his trumpet, which he carried fastened to his side. The wild beast, as may easily be imagined, was not less frightened in his turn." A late writer has observed, that any person but a trumpeter, in such a situation, would doubtless have furnished the animal with a supper.

CURIOUS FACTS RELATING TO STONES AND OTHER SUBSTANCES, SAID TO HAVE FALLEN AT DIFFERENT PERIODS, AND IN DIFFERENT PLACES, FROM THE CLOUDS.

IN several of the later numbers of Mr. Tilloch's excellent work, entitled the "Philosophical Magazine," we have, translated chiefly from French journals of respectability, some curious memoirs of stones which were not noticed in Mr. Howard's account, printed in the Philosophical Transactions.

The meteor which appeared on the 13th of November last, and which was seen at the same instant in many parts of the kingdom, widely distant from each other, has excited new interest to subjects of this kind, and, on that account, we presume it will be acceptable to our readers to have an abridged and methodical narrative of what has lately appeared in other respectable publications both in our own and foreign languages: and for the sake of order we shall range the facts according to the several dates at which these phenomena are said to have happened, giving in the margin the authorities upon which they depend.

The stone which fell at Ensisheim, in Alsace, and which is generally known by the name of the "stone of Ensisheim," made a considerable noise about the end of the fifteenth century. The following notice respecting it was formerly preserved with the stone in the parish church of the place.

"On Wednesday, November 7, the night before St. Martin's day, in the year of our Lord 1492, a singular miracle happened; for, between the hours of eleven and twelve, a loud clap of thunder took place, with a long-continued noise, which was heard at a great distance; and a stone fell from the heavens in the ban of Ensisheim, which weighed 260 pounds; and the noise was much louder in other places than here. A child then saw it strike on a field situated on the upper ban, towards the Rhine and the In, near the canton of Gisgane, which was sown with wheat. It did no hurt, except that it made a hole there. It was afterwards transported thence; and a great many fragments were detached from it, which the landvogt forbade. It was then deposited in the church, with intention of suspending it as a miracle; and a great many people came hither to see this stone, respecting which there was singular discourses. But the learned said they did not know what it

was, for it was something supernatural that so large a stone should fall from the atmosphere; but that it was a miracle of God: because, before that time, nothing of the kind had ever been heard of, seen, or described. When this stone was found, it had entered the earth to a depth equal to the height of a man. What every body asserted was, that it had been the will of God that it should be found. And the noise of it was heard at Lucerne, at Villing, and many other places, so loud, that it was thought the houses were all overturned. And when king Maximilian was here, the Monday after St. Catharine's day of the same year, his royal excellency caused the stone which had fallen to be carried to the castle; and, after conversing a long time with his lords, he said the people of Ensisheim should take it: and he gave orders that it should be suspended in the church, and that no person should be permitted to take any part of it. His excellency, however, took two fragments; one of which he kept, and the other he sent to duke Sigismund of Austria. The people talked a great deal of this stone, which was suspended in the choir, where it still is, and many came to see it*."

Besides this, we have other authorities in behalf of this extraordinary circumstance, and Brant, the author of "*Navis Stultifera Mortalium*," has made this stone the subject of some poems†.

One of the fragments of the stone was suspended and preserved in the church of Ensisheim, till within these few years, when it was conveyed to the library of Colmar, and there deposited. It weighs 150 pounds, notwithstanding the specimens which have been detached from it.

* Arithenicus in Chronico Hirsaugiensi, in Vitâ Biavii Abbatis xl ad Annum 1492. Edit. M. S. Galli, 1690, vol. ii. p. 551.

† De Fulgetro immani jam nuper, anno 1492, prop Basileam, &c. In variis Sebastiani Brant Carminibus. Basil, 1498.

The next fact of this kind to which we shall refer, is extracted from the Memoirs of the Emperor Jehangire, written by himself in the Persian language, and translated by colonel Kirkpatrick.

Early, says he, on the 30th of Furverdeen, of the present year (1620), and in the eastern quarter of the heavens, there arose in one of the villages of the purgunnah of Jalindher, about 100 miles south-east of Lahore, such a great and tremendous noise as had nearly by its dreadful nature deprived the inhabitants of the place of their senses. During this noise a luminous body was observed to fall from above on the earth, suggesting to the beholders the idea that the firmament was raining fire. In a short time, the noise having subsided, and the inhabitants having recovered from their alarm, a courier was dispatched by them to Mahommed Syeed, the aumil or fiscal superintendant of the purgunnah, to advertize him of the event. The aumil, instantly mounting his horse, proceeded to the spot where the luminous body had fallen. Here he perceived the earth, to the extent of ten or twelve yards in length and breadth, to be burnt to such a degree, that not the least trace of verdure, or even a blade of grass was to be seen, nor had the heat communicated to it entirely subsided.

Mahommed Syeed directed the ground to be dug, when, at length, a lump of iron was found, the heat of which was so intense that it might have been supposed to have been taken from a furnace. It became cold, when the aumil conveyed it to his own habitation, from whence he dispatched it to court. Here it was weighed, and found equal to about four pounds. It was committed to a skilful artist, with orders to make of it a sabre, a knife, and a dagger..... The workman reported, that the substance was not malleable, but shivered into pieces under the hammer. Upon this, it was ordered to be mixed with other iron, viz. three parts of the *iron of lightning* to one

of common iron, and from this mixture were made two sabres, one knife, and one dagger, which were found equal to the best blades formed in the usual way. The following complimentary lines were made on the occasion, and presented to the emperor Jehangire:

"In his time fell *raw* iron from lightning,
That iron was, by his world-subduing authority,
Converted into a dagger, a knife, and two sabres."

The chronogram of this occurrence is contained in words which signify the "flame of the imperial lightning," and it gives the year of hegira 1030, which answers to A. D. 1620*.

To an account of some fragments of iron found at Plann, near Tabor, a town of Bohemia, July 3, 1753, is subjoined a note, which says, that credulous people assert that they fell from heaven during a thunderstorm†. These fragments are said to have weighed from one to twenty pounds each, and some of them were seen by the right hon. Charles Greville, in baron Born's collection‡.

At Luce, in Le Maine, a stone of seven pounds weight was found on the 13th of September 1768, while it was even hot, by persons who saw it fall. The abbé Bacheley presented it to the Royal Academy, under whose auspices it was analysed, by the celebrated and ever to be deplored Lavoisier, and from his account the academicians concluded that the stone did not owe its origin to thunder; that it did not fall from heaven; that it was not formed by mineral substances fused by lightning; and that it was nothing but a species of pyrites, without peculiarity, except as to the hepatic smell disengaged from it by marine acid. The memoir is, however, concluded, by observing it to be sufficiently singular, that M. Moraud le Fils had presented a fragment of stone from the environs of Coutances, also said to have fallen from heaven, which only differed from that of the abbé Bacheley in not exhaling the hepatic smell with the marine acid.

The fall of the stones, known under the name of the stones of Agen, has been confirmed by numerous testimonies. According to the best account, these stones fell on the 24th of July, 1790, between nine and ten in the evening, in the communes of Juliac, Creon, and other places adjacent, between Roquefort, in the department of Landes, Mezin, in the department of Lot and Garonne, and Gause, in the department of Gerz, after the appearance of a large fireball, which passed through the air, accompanied by a loud report. They fell, it is said, at different distances, some gently, and others with rapidity and a hissing noise. They buried themselves, more or less, in the earth. Their weight was from a quarter of a pound to twenty or twenty-five pounds. One of them, fifteen inches in diameter, is preserved in the museum of Bourdeaux, which in its fall broke through a cottage, and killed a herdsman and some cattle. There is no stone in the places where these fell that has any resemblance to them*.

The account next in succession is to be found in a letter from the earl of Bristol to sir William Hamilton, dated Sienna, July 12, 1794. "In the midst of a most violent thunderstorm," says his lordship, "about a dozen stones, of various weights and dimensions, fell at the feet of different persons, men, women, and children. The stones are of a quality not found in any part of the Siennese territory. They fell about eighteen hours after the enormous eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which circum-

* Philos. Trans. 1803, part 1. page 200, 204.

† Quæ (fragmenta) 3 Julii anni 1753, inter tonitrua, e cœlo pluisse, creduliores quidam asserunt.

‡ Philos. Trans. 1802, part 1. page 179, 180.

* Bibliotheque Brittannique. Journal des Sciences utiles de Montpellier, 1790. Philos. Trans. 1803, part 1, page 200-1.

stance leaves a choice of difficulties in the solution of this extraordinary phenomenon. Either these stones have been 'generated in the igneous mass of clouds, which produced such unusual thunder, or, which is equally incredible, they were thrown from Mount Vesuvius, at a distance of at least 250 miles; judge then of the parabola. The philosophers here incline to the first solution. I wish much, sir, to know your sentiments. My first objection was to the fact itself; but of this there were so many eye-witnesses, it seems impossible to withstand their evidence*."

Sir William Hamilton, it seems, also received a piece of one of the largest stones, which weighed upwards of five pounds, and had seen another which weighed about one. He likewise observed that the outside of every stone which had been found, and had been ascertained to have fallen from the clouds near Sienna, was evidently freshly vitrified, and was black, having every appearance of having passed through an extreme heat. The inside was of a grey colour, mixed with black spots, and some shining particles, which the learned had decided to be pyrites*.

In 1796, a stone, weighing 56 pounds, was exhibited in London, with several attestations of persons, who, on the 13th of December, 1795, saw it fall, near Wold Cottage, in Yorkshire, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. It had penetrated through twelve inches of soil, and six inches of solid rock, and, in burying itself, had thrown up an immense quantity of earth to a great distance: as it fell, a great number of explosions were heard, about as loud as pistols. In the adjacent villages, the sounds heard were taken for guns at sea: but at two adjoining villages was heard something singular passing through the air, so distinctly, towards the habitation of Mr. Topham, that five or six people came up, to see if any thing extraordinary had happened to his house or grounds. When the stone was extracted, it was warm, smoked, and smelt very strong of sulphur..... Its course, as far as could be collected from different accounts, was from the south-west. The day was mild and hazy, a sort of weather very frequent in the Wold Hills, when there are no winds or storms; but there was not any thunder or lightning the whole day. No such stone is known in the country. There was no eruption in the earth, and, from its form, it could not come from any building; and as the day was not tempestuous, it did not seem probable that it could have been forced from any rocks, the nearest of which are those of Hamborough Head, at the distance of twelve miles. The nearest volcano is, probably, Hecla, in Iceland†.

Mr. Southey relates an account, juridically authenticated, of a stone weighing ten pounds, which was heard to fall in Portugal, February 19, 1796, and was taken, still warm, from the ground‡.

The account and description of a stone which fell from the clouds in the commune of Sales, near Ville Franche, in the department of the Rhone, we shall give from a memoir read by M. D. Bree to the National Institute, April 11, 1803.

"On the 12th of March, 1798, about six in the evening, the weather being calm and serene, a luminous globe of an extraordinary appearance attracted towards the east the eyes of the inhabitants of the commune of Sales and of the neighbouring villages, as they were returning from their labour; and its rapid approach and horrid humming noise, like that produced by an irregular and hollow body traversing the atmosphere with rapidity, threw all the inhabitants of that commune into the greatest terror, especially when they saw it pass over their heads at a very little elevation. Ac-

* Philos. Trans. 1795, page 103.
† Philos. Trans. 1802, page 174.

* Philos. Trans. 1802, page 1, 174-5.
† Letters written during a short residence in Spain and Portugal, page 239.

cording to their report, this ball left behind it a long train of light, and emitted, with an almost continual crackling noise, small blue sparks of fire, similar to small stars.

"Its fall was then observed by three workmen who were not more than fifty paces from it. One of them, named Montillard, a young man who was nearest to it, was struck with terror, and dropped his coat and a billet of wood which he was carrying, in order that he might escape as fast as he could. The other two, named Chardon and Lapous, were no less frightened, and fled to Sales, where a general alarm prevailed. These three witnesses agree in stating that this body moved with astonishing rapidity, and that after its fall they still heard a kind of hissing noise proceeding from the place where it buried itself.

"In regard to another person, Crepier, he was at home; where he was so much frightened with the hissing of the body in the air, and the noise of its fall, which took place within less than twenty paces of his habitation, that, at first, he shut himself up with his family in the cellar, and then in his bed-chamber; where, fear prevailing over curiosity, he spent the night, without daring to go out to examine what had happened.

"Next morning he was called out by Chardon and Lapous, who had carried with them M. Blondel, adjunct of the commune of Sales, and several other persons, and they all repaired together to the place where the luminous body had been seen to bury itself. There, at the bottom of a hollow, eighteen inches in depth, that is to say, of the whole thickness of the vegetable earth, they found a large black, irregular ovoid mass, according to their expression, like a calf's head. It was entirely covered with a blackish crust; it was no longer warm, and had the smell of gunpowder. They observed also that it was split in several places, so that Chardon, by thrusting his bill into one of the fissures, made it fall to pieces. I was not able to learn properly whether this fissure was lined by a crust similar to that on the surface; they only thought they remembered that it was partly black. This mass, having been transported to Crepier's house, their first care was to examine the nature of so unexpected an object, and what it contained. The stone, therefore, was weighed, and immediately broken; but, finding only a stone, from avarice, which did not fail to succeed their emotions of fear, they proceeded to a sentiment of indifference for it, while the phenomenon was imputed to the most whimsical and supernatural causes, according to the kind of impression which had been communicated to the spectators.

"The weight of the stone was about twenty pounds.

"The noise of the event was soon spread; and the commissioner of the executive power to the administration of Ville Franche being informed of it, he sent to request the stone, with information respecting its fall. A fragment of it, weighing about seven pounds, was brought to him, a part of which, with an account of the phenomenon, he transmitted to one of the members of the conventional assembly. I do not know what attention was paid to it, and what effect it produced, at a time when every mind was absorbed in politics.

"M. Place, a merchant of Ville Franche, who was at Sales at the time I was there, assured me that he was a witness, as well as many inhabitants of Ville Franche, to the passage of this luminous globe over the town; that he heard its humming noise; that its elevation could not exceed 3000 feet; and, that its direction was from east by south to west by north.

"I must add, that the simplicity of most of the reports made to me, their perfect agreement in all the important points, and the great number of persons who saw this phenomenon, which took place at that time of day most favourable for its being generally observed, leave no

doubt with me in regard to the veracity of the account which I have here given, and of the certainty of the fact in question.

"Some time ago, when conversing on the subject of this phenomenon with professor Pictet, he recollected that at the same period, he and a number of the inhabitants of Geneva and the neighbouring towns, as far as Berne, had observed a luminous body, which suddenly appeared in the southern regions, proceeding rapidly from east to west. This phenomenon at that time was considered to be a meteor; but he is so fully persuaded that this body is the same which fell at Sales, that he has given me permission to quote his testimony in the following words:

'I have a perfect recollection of the appearance of this meteor. Its light was exceedingly bright, and its motion so rapid, that it was seen only for a few seconds, during which it diffused throughout the whole town an alarming light, though it passed at the distance of more than twenty leagues to the south. Its direction, according to estimation, was precisely towards the quarter in which it fell."

In the same year, we have an account of the explosion of a meteor, near Benares, in the East Indies; and of the falling of some stones at the same time, about fourteen miles from that city. It was on the 19th of December, 1798, about eight o'clock in the evening, that a very luminous meteor was observed in the heavens, by the inhabitants of Benares and the parts adjacent, in the form of a large ball of fire; that it was accompanied by a loud noise resembling thunder; and that a number of stones were said to have fallen from it near Krakhut, a village on the north side of the river Goomty, about fourteen miles from the city of Benares.

The meteor appeared in the western part of the hemisphere, and was but a short time visible: it was observed, by several Europeans, as well as natives in different parts of the country. In the neighbourhood of Juanpoor, about twelve miles from the spot where the stones are said to have fallen, it was distinctly observed by several European gentlemen and ladies, who described it as a large ball of fire, accompanied with a loud rumbling noise, not unlike an ill discharged platoon of musketry. It was also seen and the noise heard by various persons at Benares.

When an account of the fall of the stones reached Benares, Mr. Davis, the judge of the district, sent an intelligent person to make enquiry on the spot. As soon as he arrived at the village near which the stones were said to have fallen, the natives told him, that they had either broken to pieces, or given away to the tesseldar, or native collector, and others, all that they had picked up; but that he might easily find some in the adjacent fields, where they would be readily discovered, by observing where the earth appeared recently turned up.

Following these directions, he found four, most of which the force of the fall had buried six inches deep. He farther learnt from the inhabitants of the village, that about eight o'clock in the evening, when retired to their habitations, they observed a very bright light proceeding as from the sky, accompanied by a loud clap of thunder, which was immediately followed by the noise of heavy bodies falling in the vicinity. Uncertain whether some of their deities might not have been concerned in this occurrence, they did not venture out to enquire into it until the next morning, when the first circumstance that attracted their attention, was the appearance of the earth being turned up in different parts of the fields, where they found the stones. Mr. Maclane, a gentleman who resided very near the village of Krakhut, had one of the stones given to him by the watchman who was on duty at his house. This he said had fallen through the top of his hut, which was close by, and buried itself several inches in the floor, which was of consolidated

earth. The stone must, by his account, before it was broken, have weighed upwards of two pounds.

At the time the meteor appeared, the sky was perfectly serene; not the smallest vestige of a cloud had been seen since the 11th of the same month, nor were any observed till many days after. And it is well known there are no volcanoes on the continent of India; and no stones have been met with in the earth, in that part of the world, which bear the smallest resemblance to those above described*.

We now come to a description of a shower of stones which fell at L'Aigle, in the department of L'Orne, on the 26th of April, 1803. Of this we have several accounts: M. Fourcroy says, "That from the most authentic documents it results,

1st. "That about one in the afternoon on the 26th of April, the air being rather cold, and the sky without clouds, there was seen, at the distance of twelve or fifteen leagues W. S. W. from L'Aigle, a luminous globe, moving towards the N. W. with great velocity.

2d. "That nearly at the same time there was heard at L'Aigle, and in the several surrounding villages, a violent explosion succeeded by two others no less extraordinary, which were followed by a rumbling noise; the more terrible, as no one knew to what it could be compared or ascribed, and which continued about ten minutes.

3d. "That after this noise, by which the animals were as much frightened as the inhabitants, there were seen to fall, with a hissing noise, stones, very much scattered, and of different sizes, from two or three *gros* to seventeen pounds weight; that these stones, at first, exhaled a strong smell of sulphur, and some of them were warm when picked up; and that to judge by the number collected, and by the extent of the ground on which they were found, an astonishing quantity must have fallen."

* Phil. Tran. 1802, part 1, p. 175—9.

The account given by C. Biot, member of the National Institute, who proceeded to L'Aigle to examine and compare facts, is still more particular. He says, "The weather being serene, there was observed from Caen, Pont-Audemer, and the environs of Alençon, Falaise, and Veneuil, a fiery globe of a very brilliant splendour, which moved in the atmosphere with great rapidity..... Some moments after, there was heard at L'Aigle, and to the extent of more than thirty leagues in every direction, a violent explosion, which lasted five or six minutes.

"At first there were three or four reports like those of a cannon, followed by a kind of discharge, which resembled a firing of musketry; after which there was heard a dreadful rumbling like the beating of a drum.

"This noise proceeded from a small cloud, which had a rectangular form, and which appeared motionless all the time the phenomenon lasted. But the vapour of which it was composed was projected momentarily from the different sides, by the effect of the successive explosions. This cloud was about half a league to the N. N. E. of the town, and it was evidently at a great elevation in the atmosphere, for the inhabitants of two hamlets, a league distance from each other, saw it at the same time above their heads. In the whole canton over which this cloud hovered, a hissing noise, like that of a stone discharged from a sling, was heard, and a multitude, more than two or three thousand, of mineral masses, exactly similar to those distinguished by the name of *meteoric stones*, were seen to fall at the same time."

In showing the high probability there is that these facts are founded in truth, C. Biot says: "I saw the awful traces of this phenomenon; I traversed all the places where it had been heard; I collected and compared the accounts of the inhabitants: at last I found some of the stones themselves on the spot, and they exhibited to me physical cha-

racters, which admit of no doubt of the reality of their fall.

"If we first consider the *physical* testimonies, no meteoric stones had been found in the hands of the inhabitants before the explosion of the 26th of April. The mineralogical collections, formed on the spot with the greatest care for several years, contained nothing of the kind.

"The founderies, iron works, and mines, in the neighbourhood, which I visited, exhibited nothing in their productions or in their scoriæ which had the least affinity to these substances. No traces of a volcano are found in the country.

"All of a sudden, and only since the time of the meteor, these stones have been found on the ground and in the hands of the inhabitants, who are better acquainted with them than any other person.

"These stones are found only in a certain extent, in ground foreign to the substances they contain, and in places where, on account of their size and their number, it is impossible they could have escaped notice.

"The largest of these stones, when broken, still exhale a strong sulphurous odour from their interior parts. That of their surface has vanished, and the smallest exhale no sensible odour, so that the odour of the former seems also, from its nature, likely to be dissipated in the course of time.

"These are so many physical proofs, which attest that the meteoric stones of the neighbourhood of L'Aigle are foreign to the places where they have been found; that they were conveyed thither exactly at the time of the explosion, and by a cause which has modified the principles they contain.

"If we now consult the *moral* testimonies, what do we find? Twenty hamlets, dispersed in an extent of more than two leagues square, almost all the inhabitants of which declare themselves to have been eye-witnesses of the meteor, attest that a dreadful shower of stones was projected from it. Among the number, there are men, women, and children. They are simple and unlettered peasants, labourers possessed of strong natural sense and reason; respectable ecclesiastics, and young people, who, having been military men, are free from the illusions of fear. All these persons, of professions, manners, and opinions so different, who had very little or no intercourse with each other, agree in attesting the same fact, which they had no interest to invent: they all refer it to the same day, the same hour, and the same moment, making use of the same comparisons; and this fact, so strongly and so generally attested, is only a consequence of the physical proofs previously collected; which is, that stones of a peculiar nature fell in that country immediately after the explosion of April 26.

"Besides, traces which strongly attest the fall of these masses, never mentioned without terror, are still shown. The inhabitants say that they saw them descend along the roofs of the houses like hail, break the branches of the trees, and rebound after they fell on the pavement. They say they saw the earth smoke around the largest of them, and that they still burnt after they were in their hands. These accounts are given, and the traces shown, only in a certain extent. It is there only that meteoric stones are found on the ground. Not a fragment is found beyond that district, and there is not a single person who pretends to have seen any of them fall beyond it.

"All the physical and moral proofs which it has been possible to collect are, therefore, concentrated, and converge to one point: and, if we consider the manner in which I was led, by a comparison of the testimonies, to the place of the explosion; the number of particulars which I collected on the spot; their coincidence with those which I brought from the distance of ten leagues; the multitude of the witnesses; their moral character; the resemblance of their accounts, and perfect agreement from whatever part obtained, without its being possible to discover a single exception

In that respect, it may be concluded, without the smallest doubt, that the fact to which these proofs refer actually took place, and that stones really fell in the neighbourhood of L'Aigle, on the 26th of April, 1803."

CRITICISM ON KLOPSTOCK'S MESSIAH.

Continued from vol. 1, *page* 470.

ANOTHER fault, or misfortune, of Klopstock, is his hyperorthodoxy. Those doctrines of the theologists, which wander farthest from common and natural sense, are precisely the ideas which he most delights to embody, and officiously to present in all the palpability of his poetic sculpture. The identity of different persons of the Godhead, the preexistence of the unborn, the migrations of Omnipresence, are scarcely marvellous enough for his transubstantiating fancy. His very luxury consists in

> Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
> Almighty languish'd, and Eternal died;
> How by his victor-victim Death was slain,
> And earth profan'd, yet blest, with Deicide.

O that the hallowed waters of * Phiala had been handed by Ceva, or Socini, to the poet! By endeavouring to sublimate his Jesus into a Jehovah, he unhumanizes the most lovely of characters, and greatly lessens the sympathy, the personal attachment, the impassioned adherence, which a being more like ourselves might have inspired. The God-man, as Klopstock calls him, is by all his godship, in point of pity, a loser; the temptation, the agony, the crucifixion, are no burdens for the shoulders of Omnipotence: the resurrection.....no miracle, no triumph, no recompense. The attempt to elevate other characters into fit companions for the Omniscient produces on all the disciples a similar disinteresting effect:..... screwed up above the pitch of human nature, they insensibly become aliens to our regard. They act and speak rather as the puppets of cherubim and seraphim, than as living, feeling, irritable sons of clay. The author of the Odyssey would have attempted no such idealizations. He would have described in picturesque detail those familiar patriarchal employments of the Galilæans, which no native Sannazarius had painted, their unaffected manners, their easy hospitality, their generous industry, their sweet equality. Knowing that a hero is still great in the cottage of a swine-herd, he would not have feared to involve his personages in the humble every-day business of life, to repeat their table-talk, and to make us acquainted with their personal peculiarities and foibles..... Alfred toasting oat-cakes, or Jesus serving out wine at the feast of Cana, lose nothing of their real dignity; it is squeamish for a historian, or a poet, to hide in allusion incidents so notorious. More of those affectionate traits, which the original records have preserved, might have been interwoven with advantage in the character of Klopstock's prophet: they are well adapted to endear the memory of his love; and to impress lastingly on our recollection the most beneficial idea of human excellence, and the immortal model of the most usefully virtuous. Klopstock has been more successful in delineating the manners of Philo, Caiphas, Pilate, and the other enemies of Jesus, than in pourtraying those of the disciples. His fancy tends exclusively to the heroic: and heroic manners are better suited to the pharisee,

* Ought the reader to be informed that Phiala the source of the Jordan, is, in Klopstock, the Helicon of sacred song; and that Ceva (author of *Jesus Puer*) has treated the mythological, and Socini, the human personages, of the christian system, with less mysticism than any other writers within the pale of faith?

the high-priest, and the governor, than to the honest Galilæan fishermen.

But if from such wholesale animadversion on the plan and manners, one turns to a retail examination of the perpetual beauties of style and composition, to whom may not Klopstock confidently be compared? There is usually a wide winged colossal sublimity in his imagery, which outsoars all precedent, which is worthy of Young, now that he is expanded into a seraph.... There is often a tenderness yet probingness in the pathos, which reminds of Euripides, and recalls Tacitus. There is at times a completeness of expression, a polish, and a force of diction, as if obtained by the joint use of Tasso's file and Milton's hammer. But short efforts suit Klopstock best. He darts too high to fly long. His lyric therefore surpass his epic undertakings. In the perfection of minute parts he especially excels. Produce his comparisons, and Aikin will tremble for the similies of Milton,....his descriptions, and Delille will question the inimitability of Virgil.....his lyric passages, and Lowth will weigh them against the reliques of Isaiah. The bishop, however, would find him wanting: for those odes of Klopstock, which really approach the best Hebrew remains, do not form parts of the Messiah. And, after all, what are fine passages and beauties of detail, numerous, intense as they may be? Miniatures at best. Miniatures by Van der Werff, which, to the grace and beauty of the Italian, unite the truth and finish of the Flemish school; but they must not be hung against the walls of the Sixtine chapel: I want to see the last judgment of Michael Angelo....away with such rabbits' hair pencilling.

But the pictures of Milton, Herder, are the frescoes of that wall.

Criticism deals too much in *ipse dixits*. The preference of Milton to Klopstock looks like one of them. But who, that uses reason, and loves justice, heeds the I-say-so's even of authority, much less of anonymous petulance, perhaps, or prejudice. It will be proper, then, to turn over the Messiah, book by book, and to muster the more prominent portions of narrative, or decoration, that if its meritorious passages have been unnoticed or undervalued, they may be advertized and precognized. When the quantity of comparable value is defined, the relative weight may be more easily presumed, or appreciated.

The introduction, or annunciation, of an epic poem is hardly worth analyzing: it usually consists of an exposition and an invocation; the simpler it is, the less attention it solicits, the humbler an expectation it raises, the better. Had Klopstock's annunciation contained *the first seven lines only*, it would have possessed these requisites. His exposition of the subject is tolerably neat, and sufficiently full: but if he chose to invoke only his "immortal soul," he should not have talked, in other addresses to his inspiring dæmon, of the muse of Sion. The subsequent long apology to the Holy Ghost for the undertaking, and the homiletic adjuration to his audience *to sing the eternal son by a godly life*, are among the redundancies which * Klopstock has not the ardour to evaporate. These remarks will be sufficiently intelligible, if a translation of the exordium be transcribed.

Quam sub carne Deus lustrans terrena novavit
Crimine depressis, cane, mens æterna, salutem,
Infelicis Adæ generi dum fæderis icti
Sanguine reclusit fontem cœlestis amoris.
Hoc fatum æterni. Frustra se oppenere tentat
Divinæ proli Satanas: Judæaque frustra
Nititur. Est aggressus opus, totumque peregit.

* Milton's invocation is not fortunate: his *muse* assorts ill with the personages of christian mythology; and he passes from addressing her to addressing the Holy Ghost, as if they were beings of equal reality.

Ast, quacunque pates, soli res cognita Jôvæ,
Quæ jam mersa latet tenebris arcesne poesin?
Hanc in setessu amoto rumore loquaci
Oranti, omnicreans Flamen, mihi redde sacratam
Hano, plenam igne pio, mansuris viribus auge,
Et mihi siste deam, tua quæ vestigia carpat!
Hanc latebris gaudens, qua tu petis ima Jehovæ,
Armet, scrutator Flamen, sapientia vivax!
Ut mihi pandantur nebulis arcana remotis,
Messiam ut dicar digno selebrare volatu.
Qui vos nobilitat, miseri, si nostis honorem,
Dum terras adiit salvatum conditor orbis,
Tendite vati animos. Huc tendite, parva caterva
Nobilium! Dulci queis no est carior alter
Fratre Deo, placido vultu quos læta sonantes
Opprimet usque animis revolutus terminus ævi,
Hymnum audite meum! Vobis sacra vita sit hymnus.

There is a stanza in one of Milton's refuse poems, which might have supplied the hint of a happier beginning.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Of Klopstock's first book the most prominent scene is the oath, which Jesus and the Almighty administer to one another on Mount Moria, to perform and accept the atonement. A calvanist may gaze with awe, but a monotheist would shudder, and an atheist smile, at such an interview. The effect of the oath is no doubt intended as an improvement of the nod of Jupiter, in the Alpha of the Iliad. It is thus described:

While spake the Eternal:
Thrill'd thro'nature an awful earthquake. Souls that had never
Known the dawning of thought now started, and felt for the first time.
Shudders and trembling of heart assail'd each seraph; his bright orb,
Hush'd as the earth when tempests are nigh, beside him was pausing.
But in the souls of future christians vibrated transports,
Sweet foretastes of immortal existence. Senseless against God
Aught to have plann'd or done, and alone alive to despondence,
Fell from their thrones in the fiery abysses, the spirits of evil;
Rocks broke loose from the smouldering caverns, and fell on the falling.
Howlings of woe, far-thundering crushes, resounded thro' hell's vaults.

This sally is an epitome of Klopstock's powers and failings. The idea of all worlds in the universe stopping on their axles, to the alarm of the directing seraphs, is the insuperable of sublimity. Had this grand thought been presented by itself in simple singleness, it would have compelled a pause of awe; it would have seemed to bear that relation to the universal God, which the Olympus bears to the Greek Jupiter. But all other imaginable effects also present themselves to Klopstock; and he cannot refrain from recording any one, even the childish mysticism of dating the new birth of souls unborn.

The descriptions of the inside of heaven, and of the inside of earth, which occupy the latter portion of this book, are worthier of a Swedenborg than of a Dante. The hymn of the angels will hardly be quoted as fine poetry; nor was creation the fittest topic: yet the concluding thought is striking.

To solitude saidst thou,
Be no more: and to beings, evolve yourselves. Hallelujah.

The second canto opens with a dialogue between Adam and Eve: this is one of those purposeless conversations of the celestial loiterers, that abound in the Messiah. Next occurs a possession, in which Samma, the insane person, dashes in pieces against a rock his young son. Jesus comes by, exorcises and banishes to hell the evil spirit, who turns out to be Satan himself. This episode contains very pathetic passages; such is the tender lamentation of Joel, such is the horrid death of Benoni: but it is too tragical for the occasion. Jesus, by curing the possessed man without raising to life the unfortunate boy, leaves a very imperfect impression of benevolence, and appears, from the whole dialogue, to have more at heart the conflict with Satan than the service to man.

Satan's arrival in hell, his reception there, the assembly of the fallen angels, the resolution to effect the death of God in the person of Jesus, the protest of Abbadona, and the dispatch of Satan and Adramelech on the impious errand, constitute the first truly epic scene. It is worthy of the rival of Milton, and would no doubt have formed the incipient scene, had not Milton already begun with a council of devils. The vulcanic landscape of Klopstock's hell is wisely confined to natural appearances; he builds no hall of fireworks, nor dwindles the inherent colossality of his devils; but he aggrandises the nature around to their dimensions. The eruption of a volcano announces the return of Satan, whose arrival is copied from Milton's tenth book, and convenes the inmates of the abyss.

Like huge islands uptorn from their deep seats,
Came, loud-rushing, resistless, the princes of darkness to Satan;
Countless as billows advancing to break on the mountainous sea-shore,
Follow'd the rabble of spirits, thousands of thousands successive.
Stalking, they sang of their deeds to endless infamy sentenced,
Proudly striking their splitten, by thunder splitten, and hoarse harps,
Now dishallow'd, and vocal to death-tones only. So mingle
Yells from the slaughter-field, where perish and murder the wicked,
Scatter'd abroad by north-winds roaring, that ride in the midnight;
Echo hears, and aloud more loudly rebellows the bellow.

If Klopstock's theatre surpasses, his speeches fall short of Milton's: they abound less with arguments and maxims; more with flights of eloquence and writhings of emotion..... They describe well the excited state of mind of the speakers; but they want drift, tendency to attain an end, and rather resemble soliloquies than addresses. Satan's speech is too expanded; the ironical narrative of Christ's infancy, however, is well placed; Adramelech's speech has been enfeebled in the later editions; Abbadona's contains some fortunate heroic parody.

The third book introduces Jesus and the twelve disciples, strolling at the foot of a mountain, surrounded by their several guardian angels..... Selia, a seraph, drops abruptly from the sun, and asks from these angels a delineation of their wards. This brings on a formal muster, of which the idea probably originates in the description of the Grecian chiefs, given by Helen to Priam, on the tower of the Scæan gate. But how artificially is the imitation introduced, how tediously executed! These are moral portraits of a historian, who sums up the character he is interring; not physical creations of a poet, visible, audible, and active.

The fourth book convenes the Sanhedrim, in which Caiphas, the high-priest, and Philo, a pharisee, press for apprehending Nicodemus and Gamaliel for tolerating Jesus. Judas is finally introduced, and his testimony purchased by the prevailing party. This scene is probably the finest in the whole work: it has dignity, purpose, struggle, warmth, and nature. The orations have loftiness, variety, and force; the men

are strongly impassioned and characteristically discriminated; and the whole transaction strictly belongs to the main business of the poem.

It is succeeded by the insipid episodical platonic love-story of Cidli and Semida; and by the passover, at which Jesus instituted an anniversary commemoration of his mission: this farewell meal abounds with tenderly pathetic circumstances.

The exclusive daring of Philo is nobly compared.

So when on mountains unclimb'd encamps tremendous a nigh storm,
One of the black huge clouds, most arm'd for destroying, advances
Bulging alone: while others but seize on the tips of the cedars,
This from the east to the west shall enkindle centennial forests,
Fire the haughtily towering league-long cities of monarchs,
Burying homes of men in ashes and ruin, with thund'rings
Thousand-fold.

Other admirable similies bespangle this book.

To be continued.

AUTHENTIC PARTICULARS OF THE PRODUCE AND TRADE OF THE SPANISH PART OF THE ISLAND OF ST. DOMINGO.....FROM THE FRENCH.

WE give the name of Spanish to this part of the island, not that it belongs any longer to Spain, being ceded to France by the treaty of Bale, but because it so much differs from the French part, that it may well retain its former name, when its trade and culture come under consideration.

The Spanish part of St. Domingo is situated between the 17° 50′ and 20° of north latitude.

Its longitude west of the meridian of Paris, extends from the 71st to the 75th degree. Allowing its utmost length to be about 80 leagues, and its breadth to vary between 40 and 60, it may be computed to contain nearly 3200 square leagues.

Previously to the confusions that happened in the Spanish part of St. Domingo, during the colonial war, it contained 125,000 inhabitants; 110,000 of whom were free, and 15,000 were slaves; which did not amount to 40 individuals for a square league.

The two principal towns are Santo Domingo and Sant Yago.

Santo Domingo is built upon a flat that rises above the harbour and the road; the climate is very temperate.

Sant Yago is also situated on a flat above the Yaqui. This town never had any inclosure. It has a large square; the streets are strait, and the houses mostly of stone or brick. It has several churches. The other settlements are Neybe, Azua, Bani, Seybo, Bayaguna, Monte Plate, Boya, Hyguey, Samana, Samana la Mar, Puerto Plata, Monte Christo, Le Cotuy, La Vega, Laxavon, St. Raphael, Hincha, Banique, and St. Juan. Each of these settlements has a church or chapel of ease.

Notwithstanding that the Spaniards were the first who cultivated the sugar-cane, indigo, rocoo, and ginger, and that they once had rich plantations, still it may be truly said, that in this part of the island cultivation is yet in its infancy.

There are in the whole colony but 24 sugar plantations; most of which are only tourniquets for the making of molasses, either for present use, or to be converted into taffia.

The first sugar-canes were brought hither by one Aquilon; and their propagation, and the first sugar-mill, were due to a surgeon named Vellosa.

Coffee, which succeeds every where, is but little cultivated.

Cacao appears to be an indigenous plant here. After it had been discovered, a great quantity was produced and exported to Europe.

Its cultivation has diminished, like that of every other species of produce, and hardly enough is procured for the consumption of the colony: the high winds that rage in the southern districts have possibly occasioned the discontinuance of its culture; but it might be reared in the plain of Savega, where the chain of mountains of Cibao and Monte Christo would protect it from their blasts.

Long since, only a few traces remained of the cultivation of rocoo and indigo; the same may be said of that of ginger. Though tobacco might succeed throughout the whole colony, scarcely is it cultivated any where but in the districts of Sant Yago, Delavaga, and Cotuy. It is generally of a good quality, equal sometimes to the tobacco of the Havannah. The French have always preferred that which they call Andouilles, to that which comes from North America.

The Spaniards also cultivate rice, which is superior to that of the Carolinas, maize, millet, and corn. This latter grows perfectly well in the country about Sant Yago, and in the valley of Constantia.

There are pasture lands which are in common, and others, through particular grants, held as private property. These pasture lands consist of vast fields in their natural state, almost always surrounded with woods, and well-watered. When a long drought has deprived the cattle of the means of subsistence, they repair to the woods, where they remain till after the rainy season. Such is the power of vegetation here, that in consequence of a few days rain, a savanna dried up recovers its former verdure.

No use is made of the plough, though it might be employed to great advantage in the grounds intended for tobacco, Indian corn, rice, potatoes, and other productions of that sort.

In the forests, trees are found fit for all uses. Among the most valuable is the kutchew tree, plain and spotted; the former is more abundant in the west of the island than in any other part; the best of the spotted kind are those of Azua; there is plenty of brazil-wood in the districts of Azua, and Bani.

The oak, the walnut-tree, the gayac, the maple, the iron-wood, the savin, the green balsam-tree, the pine, the cedar, the ebony, the marble wood, the acomat, adorn every where the banks of the rivers, and the summits of the mountains. Formerly, and at this day, vessels sail out of the harbours of this colony, that have been constructed with wood of its own growth.

Since the cession of the Spanish part of the island to France, several Frenchmen have begun to clear the woods in the proximity of Puerto Plata.

The exhausted state of our forests, the wants of our harbours, and the advantages arising from the employment of our funds on a soil which it is our interest to fertilize, every motive, in short, lays before us the necessity of drawing from this island suplies for our marine. Twenty navigable rivers will convey its naval stores to the sea.

The rich pine forests of Samana, and Neybe, may be rendered of peculiar utility: the pine-tree being reputed too juicy for immediate use, it might be drained of its juice, and the rosin extracted, and thus would become serviceable for various purposes.

There is no climate where poultry thrives better than at St. Domingo. The Spaniards however rear but a small quantity; the same species are usually found there as in France.

The houses in the country offer no sort of luxury; they want even several necessary appurtenances; they are usually constructed of the bark of palm-trees, applied slatewise to posts fixed in the grounds; the covering of the house consists of the leaves of the palm-tree, or of the latanier. No other candles are used in the country than such as are made of rosin, or of pieces of pine, or the candle-wood; they also make

use of matches mixed with tallow, and placed in a wooden vessel.

The food of the Spaniards consists for the most part of beef and pork, prepared in various ways, and seasoned with thyme, pimento, and love-apple. They have also poultry and fish in plenty. Their usual drink is water; few of them are in the habit of drinking taffia; they have generally coffee at breakfast, and chocolate for supper. Instead of bread, they eat rice, potatoes, bananas, yams, and cassava.

The value of land, in this part of the island, is far below that to which it will rise in time. Excellent lands have been sold at 10 livres the acre. This low price, however, was occasioned by the prohibition to foreigners to settle in the Spanish precincts, and also by the readiness of owners, uncertain of their destiny, to dispose of their property, in order to quit the country.

The daily pay of a labourer employed in the cultivation of land, in the felling of wood, and in other country occupations, is commonly four reals of plata, amounting to about 53 sous, French money. Sometimes indeed labour is cheaper.

Domestic and foreign trade of the Spanish part of St. Domingo.

What has been said clearly shows to what a state of poverty this part of the island was reduced, and that its connections must have been feeble with Spain, which often left it in want of the most necessary commodities; the small number of cargoes it received, were paid for in coarse sugar, in leather, wood, and hard money.

Its chief trade with the French part, consisted in horned cattle; the number of which, disposed of in the year, might amount to 11,000, valued from 25 to 30 gourdes a-head, including the expence of drovers, and of fodder on the road. Beside these, the Spaniards traded also in horses, mules, smoked meats, sacks and cords made of stringy plants, leather, and some tobacco. The total produced by those articles, did not exceed three millions; a great part of which went back in payment of necessaries and for objects of luxury.

The war having caused the destruction of cattle, the number formerly sold is now reduced to a third. Cultivation also being much diminished through the departure of so many of the proprietors of land, it is evident that this colony must quickly fall to ruin, unless speedily regenerated by a more auspicious management.

The Americans at present supply it with provisions, and receive in exchange some sugar, leather, wood of gayac and cutchew, wood for dying, and hard dollars.

Its domestic trade consists of the sale of tobacco, large and small cattle, and in some articles of haberdashery.

It is certain that the first Spanish settlers opened communications between the different parts of the colony. Ovando, a governor at the commencement of the sixteenth century, caused a magnificent road to be made, leading from Puerto Plata, through the chain of mountains at Monte Christo, and through the plain of Lavega, to the mountains of Cibao, and through the plain of Constantia to St. Juan.

The principal roads at this day, are that which leads to the Cape through Le Cotuy, and another from this place to Port-au-Prince. Besides these two roads, there are many others for the purpose of necessary communications between the different settlements; but they are generally in bad order, and almost impassable.

Inland navigation of this part of the island.

The river Yuna is navigable up as far as Cotuy, and might with some pains be made such as far as Lavega. Possibly before long, a plan will be formed for opening a canal, which, joining the Camu to the Yaqui, will facilitate the communication by water, from the bay

of Samana to that of Monte Christo. The river Ozana is also navigable ten leagues inland from that port. In order to render such the Neybe, part of its waters should be united into one channel. Time alone can bring about the improvements of which some other rivers are susceptible.

A SHORT VIEW OF THE CRANIOGNOMIC SYSTEM OF DR. GALL OF VIENNA.

AT all periods, a desire to find in the exterior of man, certain marks indicative of his interior faculties, his passions, his morals, &c. has induced the learned to establish systems of physiognomy more or less satisfactory. The most striking of these systems are those of Baptista Porta and Lavater, the theory of the facial angle, and the system of Dr. Gall.

In regard to the first, who employed himself in comparing the contours of the human figure, with those of beasts, observers have determined its value, and consider his principles as the fruit of a disordered imagination, as too bold, too little founded on rational observation, and absolutely uncertain in its application.

The system of Lavater has had more success; but while we revere the genius of that celebrated man, who was truly a great observer, we cannot help acknowledging the instability of the basis on which all the opinions he advances rest; and the mind is not satisfied with truths which can be appreciated only by an imagination equally exalted, and a touch so delicate as that of the author.

The theory of the facial angle, which embraces a wider field than the system of Lavater, leaves us in uncertainty respecting the detail of the faculties, and gives us only general points of view; but it presents us with this truth, of the greatest importance, that the facial angle increases in size in proportion to the faculties of animals: and in this it coincides in an evident manner with the general results of the system of Dr. Gall.

Without entering into an exact detail of the laborious route which this learned philosopher pursued, to be enabled to establish a certain basis in a science hitherto hypothetical, we shall examine briefly his fundamental principles.

1. *The brain is the material organ of the internal faculties.*

Far from attempting to decide the metaphysical questions on the nature of the soul, or what may be supposed as the occult cause of the internal faculties, we are, however, forced to admit a material organ for their action.

But, as it is observed that these faculties are found only where the brain exists; that they are lost with it; that disease and læsion of the brain have a sensible influence on their degree and their action; that the volume of the brain increases in direct proportion to the faculties of animals; it is not venturing too far to consider the brain as the material and intermediate organ.

[It might be here objected, that in several cases individuals have lost a considerable portion of the substance of the brain, without the faculties being sensibly diminished; but it is to be observed that the greater part of the cerebral organs exist double, and that the observations mentioned are not exact.]

2. *The brain contains different organs independent on each other for the different faculties*.*

The internal faculties do not always exist in the same proportion

* This idea of independence ought not to destroy that principle of animal organism, that all the parts are in a reciprocal ratio: it ought to mark only, that the action of one organ does not absolutely imply the same degree in another.

to each other. There are some men who have a great deal of genius without having a memory, who have courage without circumspection, and who possess a metaphysical spirit without being good observers.

Besides, the phœnomena of dreaming, of somnambulism, of delirium, &c. prove to us that the internal faculties do not always act together; that there is often a very great activity of one, while the rest are not sensible.

Thus in old age, and sometimes in disease, such, for example, as madness, several faculties are lost, while others subsist: besides, a continual employment of the same faculty sensibly diminishes its energy: if we employ another, we find it has all the force of which it is susceptible; and if we return to the former faculty, it is observed that it has resumed its usual vigour. It is thus that, when fatigued with reading an abstract philosophical work, we proceed with pleasure to a poetical one, and then resume with the same attention our former occupation.

All these phænomena prove that the faculties are distinct and independent of each other, and we are inclined to believe that the case is the same with their material organs.

[We do not entirely agree with this idea of Dr. Gall, and we believe, on the contrary, that the separation of the material organs ought to be considered as the cause of the distinction of the internal faculties. It appears, to us at least, that by supposing the faculties themselves as originally separated we cannot save ourselves from falling into materialism, which exists when the mind is no longer considered as unity.]

3. *The expansion of the organs contained in the cranium is in the direct ratio of the force of their corresponding faculties.*

This principle, dictated by analogy, rests on this axiom, that throughout all nature the faculties are always found to be proportioned to their relative organs; and the truth of it is proved in a special manner by the particular observations of Dr. Gall.

It is however to be remarked, that exercise has a great influence on the force of the faculties, and that an organ moderately expanded, but often exercised, can give a faculty superior to that which accompanies a very extensive organ never put in action; as we see that a man of a weak conformation acquires, by continued exercise, strength superior to another of a more athletic structure.

[We must here mention an opinion which seems to result immediately from this principle, and which, however, is false: it is, that the volume of the brain, in general, is in the direct ratio of the energy of its faculties. Observation has proved to Dr. Gall, that we cannot judge of the strength of the faculties but by the development of the separate organs which form distinct eminences in the cranium; and that a cranium perfectly round, of whatever size it may be, is never a proof of many or of great faculties.]

I do not recollect to have heard the reason assigned by Dr. Gall, but, in my opinion, these brains may be considered as in a state analogous to obesity; and as we do not judge of the muscular force of a man or an animal by the volume of their members, but by the development of the muscles in particular, I think we ought, in like manner, to judge of the strength of the faculties by the development of the relative organs.

In the last place, the 4th principle, the most important for practice in regard to the system of Dr. Gall, is:

We may judge of these different organs and of their faculties by the exterior form of the cranium.

The truth of this principle is founded upon another, viz. that the conformation of the cranium de-

pends on that of the brain; a truth generally acknowledged, and proved by the anterior part of the brain, by the impressions in the anterior part of the cranium, and by other facts.

[There are skulls, it is true, in which an external protuberance of the bone corresponds to an interior one; and this irregularity, which is found sometimes as a disease, and most commonly at an advanced age, when the cerebral organs do not oppose the same resistance to the cranium, renders the practice of Dr. Gall's system, in some measure uncertain.]

Guided by these principles, Dr. Gall examines the nature of the skull, compares the crania of animals and those of men analogous and different in faculties. His researches have proved to him, in a manner almost incontestible, not only the above truths, but that the faculties of animals are analogous to those of man; that what we call instinct in animals is found also in the latter, such as attachment, cunning, circumspection, courage, &c. that the quantity of the organs fixes the difference of the genus of animals, their reciprocal proportion that of individuals; that the disposition originally given to each faculty by nature may be called forth by exercise and favourable circumstances, and sometimes by disease, but that it never can be created in the case where it has not been given by nature*; that the accumulation of the organs take place in a constant manner from the hind part forwards, from the bottom to the top, in such a manner, that animals. in proportion as they approach man in the quantity of their faculties, have the superior and anterior part of the brain more expanded; and, in the last place, that in the most perfect animal, man, there are organs in the anterior and superior parts of the frontal bone, and of the parietals, destined for faculties which belong to them exclusively. "It is under the latter point of view that the discoveries of Dr. Gall agree perfectly with the theory of the facial angle, which seems still further to establish the truth of them."

*The germ of every organ must exist in embryo, if the expansion of that organ is to be afterwards called forth.

ANECDOTES OF THE HARE.

WHILST Dr. Townson was at Gottingen, he had a young hare brought to him, which he took so much pains with, as to render it more familiar than these animals commonly are. In the evenings it soon became so frolicsome, as to run and jump about his sofa and bed; sometimes in its play it would leap upon, and pat him with its fore-feet, or, whilst he was reading, even knock the book out of his hand..... But whenever a stranger entered the room, the little animal always exhibited considerable alarm.

Mr. Borlase saw a hare that was so familiar as to feed from the hand, lie under a chair in a common sitting-room, and appear, in every other respect, as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lap-dog. It now and then went out into the garden, but after regaling itself always returned to the house as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a grey-hound and a spaniel, both so fond of hare-hunting, that they often went out together without any person's accompanying them. With these two dogs this tame hare spent its evenings: they always slept on the same hearth, and very frequently it would rest itself upon them.